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SEPTEMBER 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Arithmetic

or how your kids' world will add up a lot more easily than yours did.



Yards, poles, feet, miles, furlongs, acres, bushels, pecks, pails, quarts, cups. Remember the endless hours you spent trying to memorize the peculiar relationships between these odds and ends and remember the frustration of those strange little arithmetic problems that were supposed to teach you to convert from one unit to the next? Starting this term, in Ontario, Manitoba, B.C. and Nova Scotia, most elementary school children will learn the metric system through the metric system. The world of weights and measures from the ground up. Along with the rest of the world they'll talk about mass, volume, length and temperature in terms of grams, litres, metres and degrees Celsius. To convert from one unit to a bigger or smaller one, all they have to do is move a decimal point.

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The lords of oil search for political clout

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Canoe — The stereotype that most Canadians hold dear of Alberta oil men is that they have party. Broderick Crawford fans, west Texas hats over head, powdered hairnets, talk with a Texas twang, and their idea of the last tolerable reference to come down the pipe was Pope John. That may have been true at one time, but it certainly isn't true now, and what strikes a visitor here most forcibly is not just the province's staggering wealth, but the self-consciousness of its people. It's still a frontier land of cowboys, personal values counts for less than tradition, everybody from law doctors to oil executives lives with the inner excitement of undiscovered potential — both in themselves and in their environment.

But what's new is a mood of political defiance that will have to be taken into account as an essential new factor by the Trudeau government as it attempts to rearrange the debate, unequal equation of our national future. The Canadian economy relies on energy resources and fully 70% of them — both proven and potential — lie west of the Rockies.

Talking to the men who control these resources of power, you can sense 40 years of odds (well caught and well remembered) that they have been storing up against Toronto bureaucrats and Ottawa politicians. Now they have suddenly become the lords of the technology of the hour, while we easterners are desperately trying to remember how important "encourage hydrocarbon shows" really are and just exactly what "bushhold gas reserves" signify.

The ancient quarrel about equitable freight rates and a national tariff structure that preserves the Prairie as a protected hinterland for Ontario manufacturers remain unresolved. But the new use of frustration goes much deeper. It has to do with feeling politically powerless. What pervades the Prairies now is a deepening sense of isolation from the centre of national decision-making. Good men with great dreams have had their nervous system strained beyond endurance and they are becoming determined to do something about it.

This is not a mood that can be dispelled by Peter Lougheed having his teeth with Pierre Trudeau to mangle the tax take from the oil industry. Indeed, what will almost certainly emerge out of all this ferment is a new political party based on the economic down with which the west has suddenly been endowed.

The man who is quietly laying the groundwork for such a political movement is Jack Gallagher, chairman and chief executive officer of the Calgary-based Donahoe Petroleum Ltd., and my recent talk with him was the first public pronouncement of his intentions. Donahoe is the second-oldest Canadian-owned independent oil producer. The

company has made capital investments of more than \$300 million in the past five years. It owns the first to land for oil in the Arctic islands and is about to launch a \$100 million offshore exploration project in the Beaufort Sea.

Gallagher himself, a thoughtful entrepreneur who gives the impression that if it was possible he could rely on oil of the ground, is a geologist trained at the University of Manitoba and at Harvard. After an 11-year career with Standard Oil of New Jersey, including a stint when he was in charge of exploration in the headwaters of the Amazon River, he returned to Canada in 1950 and joined Donahoe.

"The weakness of the Canadian political structure now," he says, "is that we have no party whose power essentially emanates from Quebec, we have another party which owes its loyalty to the establishment interests of western Ontario and a third national party whose allegiance is an organized labor. But we have no political movement that speaks for Canada's natural resources — the interests of agriculture, forestry products, fisheries, mining, oil and gas. Despite the majority Trudeau won on July 8, we're probably going to have our fair share of minority governments in this country and what we need is a fourth party openly representing the natural resource sector and embracing individual interests."

Gallagher hopes to call his new group The Canada Party and believes that in the 1978 election, after four years of careful preparation, it could win between 30 and 40 seats in what he calls "the resource constituencies" of western Canada, the Maritimes and Northern Ontario. "It is a majority parliamentary situation," he says, "we could then ask for and probably get three or four cabinet posts, such as agriculture, fisheries and energy in whatever party forms the government. This would give us the meaningful voice in policy decisions. By being members of a separate party working within a coalition, our MPs would have to be heard because they would be holding the balance of power."

Gallagher has received sympathetic hearings from leading Liberals, Conservatives and Social Crediters across the West. He also has set in motion the financial backing for his party, but it remains a political movement at much of a leader.

The roots of western dissatisfaction stretch back to the bargain the prairie provinces struck when they entered Confederation. In the past, other western political movements — the Progressive Party, Social Credit, the United Farmers of Alberta and the CCF — have sprung up to right these wrongs. They've all either vanished or been absorbed into other forms of political activity. But in the process they changed the country's political history. Jack Gallagher is determined that his Canada Party will accomplish this much at least.



Calgary's Jack Gallagher, 30-40 years in 1978?

How to keep them down on the farm

Throughout the election campaign the major theme mutated by farm politicians in search of votes is "supply management." The method is to use government legislation to impose quotas on farmers and force them to cut back their production; the goal is to get higher prices for farmers. Consumers are comforted with the promise that their food supply is secured because farmers are more deeply under the benevolent wing of government. It's a misconception for a public utility agriculture.

But those quotas which are already in place for such commodities as eggs and chickens and turkeys, add to a farmer's costs and bring on the threat of pork barrel politics as producers jockey for their share of the quota. That struggle for quotas has turned province against province, producer against producer, and has led to the charge that the system is heavily biased. It has brought a bitter confrontation between farmers who favor quotas and farmers who favor free marketing. And the move to controls has aroused consumers, guaranteeing a resistance that could drag to a climax the long struggle over the shape of Canada's agriculture.

At least one Canadian is emerging who offers some firm directions for the future of Canadian farm policy, and he doesn't see quotas as the answer. For here is:

He is Dr. Gordon MacEachern, the youthful and mellow president of the Agricultural Economics Research Council of Canada who is convinced Canada's biggest industry, food and agriculture, is coughing along like a piglet lying on its back. He has evidence that agriculture could become Canada's major growth industry and he has the audacity to say this offers a way out of our present farm policy quagmire.

MacEachern sets markers ahead for Canada's farmers such as they have never dreamed of. "We Canadians boast that we are the world's breadbasket. Yet, in the past 10 years, world price exports jumped by 45 million tons and United States

Don Baron is editor of Country Guide farm magazine, Winnipeg.

farmers supplied 25 million tons of that staple. The world grain market is expanding, but it's Canada in the United States who are making the most of the sales."

He recently sketched out a meeting of farmers and industry leaders in Winnipeg a picture of a world in change. "There'll be seven billion people in the world by the year 2,000, five billion more than now. World food production will have to triple to feed them and find energy-crops to set up to today's standards. That means an unprecedented new boom in world agriculture is gathering momentum. [Such a boom] offers tremendous opportunities to farmers around the world."

The challenge for Canadians, MacEachern says, is to get into sync with that global market. It's the one way to stop the headlong rush of farmers from the land and into the cities: it's the way to prosperity for



Gordon MacEachern: "Consider the future!"

farmers, and it might even help to keep food prices to Canadian consumers under control as well.

He insists that Canadians have commonly underestimated our potential to produce food efficiently, and recalls that a government task force a few years ago said farmers couldn't expect to expand their help output greatly in the years ahead because Canada's wheat's out every year. Yet within two years domestic demand for pork jumped by 38 pounds per person. Our livestock industry spiraled almost so fast that Canada's use of feed grains expanded to the projected 1990 level of a full 98 years before it was expected to.

"The fact is," says MacEachern, "nobody knows how big our agriculture could become in the years ahead. Our farmers have never cultivated land per man to work with than just about any in the world. But when we try to feed, should it forever where our agriculture is going, we just project past trends. We don't consider the

option. And the way to boost our rural communities is to develop our agricultural potential."

The Manitoba corn story is one example of how that can be accomplished. It's a story Gordon MacEachern has told many times before. Corn is the crop that has enabled the United States to become the feed basket of the world and that his first Ontario's agriculture on the map. The corn crop produces more grain or forage per acre than just about anything else in Iowa, people affectionately call the crop "King Corn." No wonder. It has enabled that state alone to build an agriculture that produces as much food as the whole of Canada is now able to produce.

Seven years ago, the House of Commons held a inquiry in Manitoba. At that time, many people believed the Prairies were too far north for corn, that the idea of producing grain corn there was a joke. Yet farmers, with the help of processors and government, set out to produce a dividing corn similar in quality to that grown in the corn belt. Average increased from 2,500 in 1967 to 15,000 in 1972, to 17,000 last year. Yields of the corn are increasing too.

Now, says MacEachern, the province is well into the sixth stage of a corn boom. It's a lesson farmers reap across the country must understand and join front, a success story that MacEachern wants to see repeated over and over again in Canada.

"Manitoba farmers supply did what many people and wouldn't be dare. They joined hands with processors, universities, agribusiness and government. All these groups worked together. That's the only way to develop farm communities."

People ask him how you persuade processing plants to establish in Canada's farm communities. MacEachern believes the formula is simple.

"It's not difficult," he explains. "You do it through leadership, through good setting, through integration, research, through information exchange, through developing a market system, through problem solving. It's the system of people working together with mutual confidence, as the Manitoba case presents did."

For half a century, he says, Canadian agriculture has had a depression awaiting. Now, food is a major political issue, the public is interested and governments are trying to devise programs to give farmers greater stability and greater security and to cut the wage, for greater agricultural growth.

But he wonders whether there will be restrictions on the amount of food farmers can produce as in the past



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"Too often," he recalls, "government programs overlook the fact you can't driving markets (a year don't) have products to sell. Government is obsessed with price stability today. But if our farm resources are to be developed, something more than just price stability is needed. Agriculture needs access to land to cultivate, to heavy doses of capital, to a modern transportation system, and it needs to elicit out some of the regulations in the system that have restricted the attainment of our true potential."

POLITICS / WALTER SEWART

The great debt Canada owes Richard Nixon

WASHINGTON — The Watergate mess, with all its mud and dirt, will turn out to have been a good thing for the U.S. and for Canada. Not because of the scandal — the opening of canals of waters is often restrictive but seldom uplifting — rather because of the affect it is having on the presidency. When Richard Nixon comes over a television set, anywhere in Canada to affirm that what he is defending is not himself, Nixonian instead, but the presidency, he is greeted with applause, here in Washington, the reaction is rather different, and muted. Certainly Nixon is responsible — speaking, but so is reality as I write this — is personal, but it is also political in the deepest sense of that word: it is an attack on the presidential office. That attack is long overdue and is welcome — for it has already attested a mixture of success — will have far-reaching consequences for both American and Canadian.

The U.S. constitution, as every schoolboy knows, provided for a division of the powers of government into three distinct ones: legislative, executive and judicial, and gave each to a separate branch, respectively the Congress, the President and the Supreme Court, for as special cases. The President, because he possessed the executive power, was the first among equals in this triune system, but they were nonetheless equal, and it was possible for Philip Guedels to write, in 1936, that in American history "the series of railroad presidents are more significant than those of Presidents of the United States" without immediately being booked into prison.

No more. The President has become virtually the focus of political power in Washington. However Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. put the point very succinctly in a book written recently but before the dimensions of the Watergate scandal became apparent (*The Imperial Presidency*).

"In our time (presidential leadership) has produced a concept of presidential power so spacious and paragonary as to imply a radical transformation of the traditional polity. In the last years, presidential primacy, is indispensable to the political order, its threat to presidential supremacy. The Constitutional Presidency has become the Imperial Presidency, and threatens to become the Revolutionary Presidency."

Schlesinger had solid grounds for his conclusion: President Nixon, who had inherited pulled-up powers from his predecessors, had inflated them yet again. Under Nixon, as American President could not only run a war without the consent of Congress, he could defy the other branches of government. He could and did renounce the Supreme Court, whose uncomfortable decisions on education and civil rights upset him, and he could and did overrule Congress, not by the traditional veto but by expounding the funds for spending programs that Congress had passed over his veto (as he did to block spending on the Great Lakes cleanup program, despite an agreement with Canada).

Then came Watergate, a string of revelations that is still unfolding and that showed what Nixon had done with his unbridled power. When Henry Kissinger was President, he bought his own roll of three-cent stamps for personal mail, Nixon spent millions in public funds for his private advantage, and then dodged his fair share of the income tax. He used the FBI, the CIA and the Internal Revenue Service as personal weapons to

harass his opponents, he developed legislation for campaign contributors (back in the milk cooperatives, who got higher prices for their products, coincidentally with the gift of usable contributions). His aides, who had become more powerful than most cabinet ministers, intervened repeatedly with the press on law on behalf of Presidential friends.

In these actions, it was the abuse of power that rankled Americans, not the shading of law, he may be forgiven his role in the original Watergate burglary incident (it is a shock to a Canadian to find out how many ordinary Americans one year more candidly accuse Washington, think he was nothing but a victim of the excesses of his friends); he will never be forgiven for assuming that the President was above the law or, worse still, above the Income Tax. Americans have reacted to the Imperial President with bitter resentment, and in the wake of that resentment has come considerable reform.

Late in March, the Senate, by an 85-10 vote, passed a budget-reform bill that Senate Charles Priddy, one of its members, called an "historic turning point." The bill — like a similar measure that passed the House of Representatives last December — will make the Congress an active partner in budget planning for the first time. Up until now, only the President's Office of Management and Budget had any central control over the budget; Congress merely passed 13 separate appropriation bills, and fiddled with the contents of those bills without even knowing, until all were passed and added up, what the total would come to. Under the new bill, a Congressional Office of the Budget will play a key role in drafting proposals and appraising a coherent approach to spending. What to raise, the President's power ability to balk Congress through the device of amending funds will be curtailed.

The new budget law will almost certainly pass — Nixon doesn't block it, even if he is still in power when the final draft emerges from a joint conference — and it will represent an abrupt reversal of the trend to centralize more power in the White House. There are other signs of this reversal, too — the President's difficulties in getting his agenda approved by Congress, the new formation of Congressional subcommittees, the reactions, ranging from pity to contempt, that greet Presidential diets which once were the power-continuity only into a prolonged time.

The erosion of Presidential power denotes a significance (as well as a

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Richard Nixon's downfall should help Canada

tion's) for Canada. Part of our political mythology holds that a strong President is in Canada's interest, because the U.S. Congress tends to be protectionist, and the executive liberal, in trade matters, to the benefit of our economy. In fact, however, it has been the unilateral actions of strong Presidents that have posed the greatest threat and done the greatest damage to Canadians in recent years. It was John Kennedy's Insecure Equalization Tax that buckled our knees in the early 1960s; it was Lyndon Johnson's drive to bring home U.S. dollars that nearly did us in again, and it was the abruptly imposed new Nonrecognition of 1971 that brought senior cabinet ministers tearing down to Washington to beg for mercy. An overpowerful President is not Canada's friend, he is our potential enemy, and the restoration of some sort of balance into the U.S. system is important for both our nations. So, while I am sorry that the *Wapscare* zone has been extended by so much all around Montreal, I am not at all sorry that it happened.

QUÉBEC / GLEN ALLEN

In Montreal, it's still Man and Drapeau's World

Probably the oddest, least editing television program in all Canada is a popular (217,000 viewers) Sunday morning phone-in show in Montreal called *Monsieur Le Maire*. The star, of course, Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau, sits for a full hour, in fidelity at a studio where just how close he may be walking on mutes, he fields questions from his constituents.

The viewers who telephone don't ask about municipal spending, housing, welfare, parks or the urban environment. They've learned that Monsieur Le Maire takes answering such questions about as much as Richard Nixon likes smiling guests to hear his tapes. Instead, citizens pose dull but memorable queries about public works, snow removal, arrests and one-way streets. After nearly 18 years, it's often Drapeau's known every syllable in town. That the show is watched by so many is easy enough to explain: it's about the only time the average citizen can get at the Mayor, who runs a very tight city hall. In fact with his Civic Party in control of all

52 council seats, he doesn't run Montreal city hall, he owns it.

But in Montreal today, many people are fed up with Drapeau's *Hôtel de Ville* hegemony, his paternalistic secrecy, his official and expensive schemes, his oddly ordered municipal priorities, and a philosophy of planning that, as one industry city architect says, has made Montreal "a business republic for developers."

An impressive number of Drapeau's critics — banded together in a group called the Montreal Citizens' Movement (MCM) — are already working to dethrone the Mayor at November's municipal election. They come from Montreal's two largest Part Québécois councils: a group called CRM (*Comité Réformateur fédéraliste de Montréal*) (formed by Québec's three main labor federations), a group called the Programme Urban Movement (PUM) and NDP organizers in Montreal. An alliance of 23 citizens' groups called Save Montreal, worried about everything from disappearing green space to grit in the air, might also be expected to work against the Civic Party before election day, though it hasn't usually joined forces with the opposition.

The MCM site takes heart from what's been happening to the old guard in Toronto and Vancouver where reform claims won handily in the most recent elections. But it won't be that easy in Montreal. Except for the PQ membership, MCM is made up of political amateurs. The NDP has hardly kept alive in Québec. But PUM and Save Montreal are more realistic. One French and some most of the English on Montreal Island live outside the city's boundaries that present real problems. Much of MCM's membership is full-time, perhaps too much so for the voters' comfort. Drapeau, who single-handedly killed and buried the Front d'Action Patrique (FRAP) in the 1970 vote, has a feel for the popular while it comes to the left wing.

The MCM has just a few months to work out a program and find a candidate who could topple Drapeau himself. So far, most of those whose names have been mentioned as possible mayoral candidates — like René Lévesque and Outremont Mayor Pierre Des Marais — live outside the city and aren't eligible.

Then there's Drapeau's election machine to worry about in size and efficiency (it is as close as we come in Canada to Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's vote-getting juggernaut).

Glen Allen is a Montreal novelist and freelance journalist.



Reformer Drapeau ran Montreal — he owns it.

All the stars, Drapeau, who is now 58, may be worried. He's been using newspaper editors to teach, and his long-advancing businessmen's groups more often in the past six months than he has in years. He also announced plans — secret, as usual and already in the works — which would make Montreal the world's "fast city" within 15 years, an extravagant promise even for the man who brought a subway, Expo 67, the Expo, and the Olympic Games to Montreal.

Most Drapeau-watchers took that promise with a couple of bits of salt. The *Gazette's* Ted Blackman suggested the mayor had made an entente with God — Heaven would be relocated in Beaver Lake Park and renamed "Mike and Ma Next World."

However, since Drapeau's confessions of sound politics and the good money-ent are wearing, there's something in the story of his imagination. Many Montrealers like Drapeau, Marcel Adam, chief editorial writer at *La Presse*, says that for many French-Canadian the mayor is "the realization of many of the ambitions history has shied from him. He combines talent, power, force, cleverness and courage."

He even has allies when you wouldn't expect them: among English voters and among separatists. Drapeau's political roots go back to the days of the old Bloc Québécois and earlier heyday of French-Canadian nationalism. One of the first letters to the editor of the now independent daily *Le Jour* was from a *pigeon* who said he, for one, would be voting for Drapeau whatever the party line.

Bill Carroll, once a reporter covering Drapeau's City Hall and now a CPE public relations officer, says "Drapeau makes a beautiful target. He's not a backslider and he doesn't make care what you think about him. He just goes to work and does his job. And you should have lived in this place before he became mayor."

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Sister you never had it so good

My twenty-sixth year this year in Canadian life, after three years of living in France, was probably happy.

I found the display of maternalism, the strict adolescent, and the continuity of written and reported thought painful. Peace of food and housing had splintered during, and the quality of neither had improved since more radical constraints they didn't keep and hinder agreed contacts they didn't have.

Only one thing I noticed on my return kept a smile on my face: crowded, often slipping, but nevertheless there.

Worries

Something had happened to Canadian women while I was leaving home to be rude in French and cook with out following a recipe. Something that was joyful and full of commitment and like nothing you can find in Europe, for all of the varied freedom that the French and English women are supposed to have.

French women didn't even get the right to vote until 1945, for heaven's sake! It wasn't until 1965 that they could have a bank account without a husband's or father's permission, and 1968 before they could be conscientious (if that is a word). If they can't get them, abortion is still not legal in France, accounting for some 300,000 to one million illegal operations there a year, 55% of women workers earn less than \$300 a month, and no more than 30% less money than men in comparable work.

The argument that heroism in such an atmosphere can be felt by any average tourist, and, indeed, can help him to better understand the often hostile attitudes of some foreigners and women — there has been such steady oppression of women over the centuries, consciously, physically and financially, that the rage has simply got to come out somehow. Far from putting womanhood on a pedestal, the Frenchman is more likely to keep her in her place — I was staggered to learn, for instance, that women, except those who have servants, routinely show their husbands' shoes.

English women, whom I also had plenty of time to observe, generally consider that beneath their, last first

Jordanian will tip her behind the new title of the Canadian women's.

While I have raised some questions to Canada a number of women have gone back to university while being supported by their husbands, and many who have refused to transfer to other cases because their husbands' companies said it was necessary (all relatively unshakable three years ago), the English woman gradually believes in the power-had-the-household school of thought. "I never argue with Richard," one said to me. "I just let him rave on and then do exactly what I please. He never notices." I could only hope her husband didn't say anything to her in every other way as well.

In the strictly technical sense, of course, the English woman has it all over her European counterparts. She got the right to vote in 1918, abortion is obtained on the signature of two doctors, and there is a very clear equal-women equality law.



Thelma Dockman, "I've got a woman."

But this equality is almost all a paper right, because the English woman doesn't really wear equality. She likes having her expenses lit and devices paying her own bills. And English men are in no hurry to change the situation either. Although middle-class men there have far more freedom kitchen apiece to help wash up the dishes, they do not reach for the vacuum cleaner with any alacrity. The working-class English men do for the birds only, and an up-to-date one has difficulty conducting genuine conversation with a woman.

So, what has happened to make the Canadian woman so different lately? It's partly the Canadian man.

In contrast to the moderately inflated ego of the Frenchman and the constant non-acceptance of the Englishman, the Canadian man shows his good deal in a wicked world. I've found him since coming back, to be almost unfailingly polite, interested in the conversation of men and women alike, concerned and involved with

the feminist movement, and a truly deeply engaging guy all around.

In the accepting climate of the Canadian man, the Canadian woman has found a place. She is less scrupulous and stricter than her American sister, less apologetic and self-doubting than her English one, and far less concerned and artificial than her French relative. A lot of them today are following interesting careers, mothering families and having their households all things, almost simultaneously. They're full of life and fun and serious thoughts about the human situation, and they're trying to do something to improve it. Many things are different in today's Canada because of the efforts of these new women.

Four years ago, when I inquired of a company looking for an editor if any qualifications would get me the job, it was made clear that, since I was a woman, I wouldn't even be considered. Two months ago, when a company was looking for an editor, a management consultant approached me, when I asked if the company would accept a woman, he told me they specifically wanted one.

Three years ago, when I found out a gynecologist (about occasional premenstrual bleeding, he told her she had to have a hysterectomy. And she did. Three months ago, when a gynecologist gave me the same advice, surely asking, "You'd have to have one sooner or later, anyway." I confirmed my fear to a friend, who promptly asked a woman's dress I spoke with a woman doctor, who strongly attacked the gynecologist and stated referred me to one of the top doctors in Toronto. It was all a simple 40-hour stay in the hospital with no hysterectomy necessary.

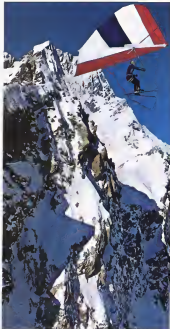
Just one thing that happened to me, sure — but it's indicative of a broader climate in Canada, one that I'll see with great pride of hope. No body would say that things are perfect — we haven't nearly enough women in top jobs and the size of a girl's bust is often still more important than the size of her brain.

But fresh from the situation in Europe and England, I do feel that Canadians have somehow managed to get it together. There seems to be an air of acceptance here that invites it to stand up and fight for your rights when it's necessary, but also eager to sit down and talk about it when that's the better way.

At the moment, I feel that Canada is perhaps the only place where it's possible to live both sexes simply because they're people.

It's almost enough to make me stop missing Europe.

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



"With 18 feet of ice as my wings — I, a rather jittery Jeff Jahn from Seattle — was ready to conquer the sky. At 18,000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome, Michele helped me onto my kite harness. And now I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when my tail broke the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly avalanche fit.

"With some wild mountain rump and snowmobile look, I escaped into smooth air. As I landed, I finally remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.



That evening at The Hermitage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club. "It was when ever you go, C.C. welcomes you. Have people appreciate all the great moments and the pleasant way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club — 'The Best in The House' is in 87 lands.



Canadian Club

Canard et Club is distilled and bottled in Walkers by the House of Walker & Sons, Ltd. (Canada)

Peter Smith, VP, Marketing for HighLiner Seafoods, says Long Distance helps him keep a line on his customers.



It is hoped that *Maclean's* will see fit to remove such nomenclatures from an otherwise very worthwhile publication.

D. A. KNOXLEY, TORONTO

Canadian heritage

Aldous Huxley once said that "nations are to a very large extent invented by their poets and novelists."

Being a student at Trent University this past year, I have had the opportunity to form a friendship with Margaret Laurence, who has been, as mentioned by Margaret Atwood, writer-in-residence since January. Having "discovered" Canadian literature several years ago on my own, this was the first time that I had ever had the opportunity of meeting a writer "face to face" rather than on the distant peak of a novel. It is the most rewarding experience to have such a personal connection with her.

By publishing this article, *Pure To Pure* (May), one of our greatest Canadian writers, *Maclean's* has taken the first big step in the right direction in becoming our history faithful to the public awareness. For I believe that although not everyone is fortunate enough to actually be able to discuss with Margaret Laurence every outline her new novel, among other things, *Maclean's* has done the next best thing — brought her to the people via the media. Let us hear from Margaret Laurence, James Reaney, Hugh MacLennan, Margaret Atwood and many more. After all, *Maclean's* is "Canada's national magazine" and are not our nation builders an important part of Canada?

MARGARET A. WALLER, STRATFORD, ONT.

Let us pry

Thank you for *The Word World Of Journalism*. Jane says: it is always a day matter to risk public judgments about religious/moral questions. Articles such as this one by John Saunders are very much in order if they expose misrepresentations and contradictions. This is quite a different matter from taking positions in a cause unrelated to the premises of any religion. I just wanted to say that I loved the article helpful and as reason for more of the same.

JOHN BUCHHEIT, WATERLOO, ONT.

As a person who has suffered mentally, physically and financially from my experience with Scientology, I want to thank you for the article by John Saunders (*Openings*)—*Jant* which should protect Canadians to the dangers of being involved with

Daddy... what's a Costal Podge?



That's POSTAL CODE. And it's the best code in the world. Why?

Because it was designed using the alphabet and numbers like HOP 137, in such a way that one tells at a glance where a letter has to go. Everyone in Canada has a Postal Code. All my friends. All your friends too. Uncle Harold?

Yes Uncle Harold has a Postal Code. Everyone. Why?

Well, because all those people writing to each other, amounts to more than 15 million pieces of mail every day. The Postal Code is part of a total system for sorting large volumes of mail.

Why?

Because in the future Canada Post will be handing

even more mail. So with Postal Codes we will be able to keep up our service, and improve it too.

What's Uncle Harold's Costal Podge?

That's Postal Code. It's in our address book. But if we don't know it, all we'd have to do is ask our Post Office. The Post Office can tell you the Postal Code for any address in Canada.

Mine?

Yes yours too. Every address in Canada has a Postal Code. In fact no address is complete without a Costal... a uh... Postal Code.

Know what?

What you grow up you want to be a Postman.

No... where do babies come from?

Uh... better ask your mother.

Canada Post. We're working to make it work better.

Take a second look.



Premium is more than a name. It's a reputation, an achievement. A very special, very mild Canadian rye whiskey that knows no equal. Because no other is made from all rye grain. No other is batch distilled. Alberta Premium Canadian rye whiskey is malted to mildness, and matured in seasoned oak casks, for a full five years.

Alberta Premium not only tastes like a great rye whiskey, it looks like a great rye whiskey. Our famous label has the deep-grained look of fine leather. Our handsome decanter bottle has all the elegance of cut glass. Try Alberta Premium for the look of it. You'll stay with it for the taste.

Alberta Premium

A full five-year old whiskey at a three-year old price



the club. I regret that he didn't mention the hypnosis and brainwashing effects of the so-called "therapy" and the fact that Scientology is based from Australia since the government there set up an inquiry following complaints from the public. In the United States, the government and police keep a close watch on the activities of Scientology. When is the Canadian government going to get an act on this misquoting in the name of religion?

(NAME WITHHELD ON REQUEST)
TORONTO

Mauchismo

Both sports writer John Robertson and *Maclean's* have outdoor themselves with the article *Great Mauch The Last In Summer* in the June issue. In the article Mauch is quoted as telling Robertson, "You have the makings of a great writer, but you're a failure as a human being." The fact that Robertson is able to write such an interesting, revealing and complimentary account of the Expo manager proves Mauch wrong. For only a great human being could praise an "enemy" to the extent he has.

TIM MCCALLUM, DUTTON, ONT.

Southern discomfort

Peter Collins' article *They're Always Be A New England (Jude)* is interesting, but the photograph on page 57 is of Annapolis, Maryland! By no recognition is the southern state of Maryland ever considered part of New England.
ELDER S. FREDERICK, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Divided we fall

In May's *Maclean's*, Ed Finn wrote that American control of Canadian waters results in 1) fragmentation of the Canadian labor movement, and 2) Canadian dues monies being used to lobby against Canadian workers.

In addition, it should be noted that Canadian pennies (and nickels) (how many millions) are exported to the U.S. for minting in their economy. And then, is it not possible that some Canadian dollars imported by American bank unions have profited better U.S. unions whose workers produce the same kind of products?

M. H. MAUER, CALGARY

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO *Maclean's* MAGAZINE, Your Place, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.



The next time you go camping, the makers of Tex-made® sheets can help you.

You're protected from almost anything in a tent made with our sturdy tent canvas. And for your further comfort and convenience outdoors, we also supply materials for sleeping bags, campchairs and lanterns. Tents, tent covers and life jackets. We even make trousers so you can tie your pet to a tree.

We're Dominion Textile Limited and we make a lot more than sheets. In fact, we're thousands of products from socks to men's bags, serving dozens of industries from hotels to hospital supply.

Dominion Textile Limited is a completely Canadian company dedicated to the many needs of Canadians.

We believe that, in order to cover more of your needs, we have to cover more than your bed.

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an everyday part of your life

There is no 35mm SLR camera quite like a Miranda.

Miranda has the most versatile, easy-to-use 35mm single-lens-reflex camera available. The Miranda Series III RLE, The Miranda Series III R, The Miranda Auto Series III CE. They automatically compute the light you need for the shutter speed you have set, regardless of the lens you're using, controlled by the highly sensitive QDS through-the-lens metering system. It's all mirror, they're easy to operate. With the use of adapters the unique Miranda lens mount accepts lenses and accessories from many other cameras for extra versatility. Every Miranda camera features interchangeable viewfinders that let you shoot from almost any angle. They cover almost your entire body.

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No matter how you look at it.



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Toronto, Ontario

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YOUR VIEW

Our porn is green

Re the cover photograph of a nude woman in your May issue: can it be seen as anything more or less than soft-core pornography? Possibly. I can't conceive what crime you might offer for such blatant and gratuitous nudity.

The photograph allegedly draws attention to an article about acupuncture. In fact, of course, it's mostly a misinterpreted device for showing a woman's bare ass as a confidence gambler.

The exploitation of women is among the country's outstanding problems. It is profoundly regrettable that Canada's national magazine continues to be part of that problem.

G. S. CHAPMAN, TORONTO

When your correspondents undertake to write satirically or technically, they should get their facts right. In an article on *scapulars*, John Grant makes three errors in five lines. He confuses kidney stones with gallbladder disease, does not seem to know there is a difference between the small and the large intestine, and thanks the spleen as a digestive organ!

You underestimate its interesting and it probably delivers some pain to some people. But is not most of the fun about acupuncture really because we want to please the Chinese? Acupuncture is not an interesting wonder cure. Many who are well informed about it are very skeptical. It has not been shown to be a cure for anything. The vast majority of magical operations in China are still done under standard Western techniques of general anesthesia. The Chatter was over the Americans by just a pang. It looks as if they are about to tow over the Canadians by yea and nay.

However, I did appreciate the picture of that woman on the front cover. No wonder there is a rash to learn the surface anatomy of men.

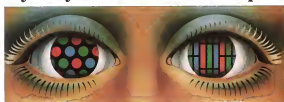
DR. M. C. WATSON, LONDON, ONT.

Real Purdy

Today the April and May issues of Maclean's arrived in my mail. I hadn't realized the pungent delight they would bring me, a Canadian who has been only marginally in touch with Canadian journalism for the past year and a half — primarily through scattered issues of the Toronto Globe and Mail.

It was with some trepidation that I turned to Al Purdy's article. The enclosed on page 164

Why \$500 worth of stripes in front of your eyes beats \$500 worth of spots.



The next time you turn on your colour TV, go up to the screen with the magnifying glass, and take a close look at what's really making up that colour picture you're looking at. Dots. Red, blue and green dots.

If the dots are kind of blurry, at you through a magnifying glass, they're coming through a white matrix. Tell you your set is old black matrix has about that against a ground will always stand better than colours against a white background.

So maybe it's time for a new colour TV. When you do decide to go shopping take the magnifying glass with you. When the salesman turns a set on, go through the same procedure.

Examine the screen up close with the glass. The dots look much clearer now, because they're coming through a black matrix. Now stand back and look at the picture. You may be so impressed with the brilliance (as compared with what you've been seeing at home), that you'll start getting out your chequebook right then and there.

Don't do it.

Drop it to any Toshiba dealer.

And don't forget the magnifying glass. Go right up to the screen with the glass, as soon as the salesman turns on the 14" screen C-333. While he's talking about 100% solid state dependability, plug-in modules for easy servicing, Automatic Fine Tuning and Automatic Balance

Control, you study what's happened inside the colour. Black background for definition, you've seen that already. But, the dots aren't dots any longer. They're stripes of colour. And it doesn't take a lot of thought to realize there's more colour area in a stripe than in a dot.

It's these colour stripes against the black background that give you the most brilliant colour picture in the industry.

Now stand back and look. That's called Toshiba Blackstripe™ colour televisions. It's \$500 worth of colour it ever you saw it. And for only \$479.95 (suggested retail).

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...in black with a new arrow



Toshiba Blackstripe™

For the Toshiba dealer in your area, write, Toshiba of Canada Ltd., 300 York Road, Willowdale, Ont.

Still Number One.



Johnnie Walker... so smooth it's the world's largest selling scotch.

Asks: Of Scotch alone (April). He was writing about my place of current, but tangentially, obviously I had so often admired his writing and his insight he had so often echoed my own thoughts. Would he tell me?

Having just completed reading the article, I can once more breathe with ease. At forty his date is a plus. My only regret is that he didn't visit Durban, where he would have received yet another perspective of the socio-political scene in this country. (And the hot moments he thought he experienced in Joburg and Capetown was nothing compared with the December to March weather here.)

MARY BARNARD, DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA

Poetic justice

John Grub, in his article on Chief Justice Lamer (July), wrote about the man who is the acknowledged authority on Canadian constitutional law. Grub, however, exhibits an incredible ignorance of the subject when he suggests that Mr. Justice Lamer's appointment to the Ontario Court of Appeal was made by the Ontario government.

Anyone with a smidgen of knowledge about the British North America Act or the administration of justice in Canada knows that provincial governments not only do not make such appointments, they are never even consulted about them. With the exception of Provincial Court Judges of the Criminal Division and Family Division (formerly known as Magistrates), all judicial appointments in Canada are made by the federal Minister of Justice.

BOB MARCUS, OTTAWA

Sex and violence

Hamish, scoundrels and gladiators in Ray MacGregor for his article on hockey violence (May) and congratulations to the Suncoast team. At least they are a credit to Canada (but unfortunately they are also a minority). For violence is not restricted only to Canadian senior hockey it is rampant throughout the minor hockey leagues. Speaking as a mother whose three sons play hockey I know that, if such are the case in their area, our great Canadian game of hockey will become our great Canadian disgrace.

DOBBIE VICKI, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

Is reference to your article in the May issue on Canadian hockey and hockey players in Sweden, a tell of the Swedish "Swedish" or Swedish "Swedish"? Why did it not mention the fact that Wayne Gretzky, a resident of Sweden's, received a

continued on page 73

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If you want to look good on paper.

QUENCH YOUR TASTE



Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

This month 5,658,850 young Canadians go back to school. They go back to institutions under fire — public concern over the education system has seldom been higher. John Bremer, creator of Philadelphia's famous "school without



walls," has become familiar with the Canadian educational scene, having been released under controversial circumstances from senior positions in Ontario and BC. Here are his ideas on what four years in Canada have taught him.

RESHAPING EDUCATION

A critique of the only school system we've got. Unfortunately.

BY JOHN BREMER

I visit schools quite often and I am constantly reminded of a sign I once saw being carried during a teachers' strike. "Teachers only want what is good for kids." The teachers were well intentioned and I'm certain they were earnest in these sentiments, but what they really wanted was what they were striking for was a better contract. They did, indeed, were probably justified, but their strike had nothing to do with the children whose lives they were claiming as their own.

To me, that placed themselves in a wrong with education in Canada. Teachers' school boards governments all claim to speak for the students when in fact, they have their own self-interest primarily at heart. In our educational system today, no one speaks for the children. Parents, who might be thought to have some right and responsibility over their children's educational lives, have no power. The students have even less of a voice and there is no way in which they can be involved. In any case, they have not been allowed to learn how to make a useful contribution to their own education.

To solve educational matters to be determined by special interest groups such as governments, institutions and professional organizations is not likely to bring about much improvement. Educators have often let themselves be driven into power plays by irresponsible

and unresponsive governments, but the outcome is almost the same — identification of the teachers' good with the good of the child.

We do education a disservice when we allow ourselves to be divided into factions, and the changes in education that we need and are ready for will not occur if those with psychological, professional or political advantages to gain can generate false issues and create problems, separating people from each other and wasting energy as a result.

It is fairly widely recognized that it would be helpful to students if the experience available outside the school could be used in their studies, as we did in Philadelphia's Parkway Program where students learned with computer programming, teachers' work and lawyers. Why is this not done more often more systematically? One reason could be that a particular principal cannot tolerate the idea of allowing people into what he calls his school. He is too threatened by their presence. He would be equally upset if what he calls his children went out into the neighborhood. Thus the principal's psychological reaction has merely restricted the learning of the students. Another possible reason is that students fear for their jobs, seeing themselves replaced by uneducated personnel. The advantage to students is sacrificed in order to safeguard the profession. Politicians are not necessarily

going to like it either. For the simple reason that if you let students investigate, freely if you like, the content of the school program, there is no knowing what they may learn. They will undoubtedly rock the social, economic and political scene.

There are obvious enough examples, and I have experienced all of them as one time or another. What is striking is that everyone can agree with the educational advantages of using contemporary experience, but the various groups that benefit from the system regard their own survival as more important. Certainly it is to them, but their own self-interest subordinates the students' good to the system and the students suffer. It is hard to resist according to all the factions what George Bernard Shaw and others the professionals — that they are conspirators against the lay.

An Commissioner of Education in British Columbia I tried to deal with this problem by setting up two advisory boards, one composed of special interest groups such as the teachers' federations, the universities and the school trustees, the other composed of people who seemed to me to be concerned about the common good. I created a high-school student Mark Lott, Stanley Baskin, the well-known TV broadcaster, George Tomlinson of the Canada Studies Foundation, Leah Brown, a mother of four and a student at university, and some



"... Schools are talky places. But at the Ontario Science Centre, a wonderful place, children learn from firsthand experience ..."

which is the majority of the school group. But it was difficult and we had to encourage our tendencies to speak from the comfort of our own particular special group. I should add that when I did this I was still hopeful that the provincial government was not going to make us being another target.

Undoubtedly, students who feel they have no control over their own lives develop a great sense of frustration and anger. In a paper prepared for the Canadian Teachers' Federation, Dr. Guy Rocher of Montreal wrote: "All in all, about all young people are convinced that the greatest threat hanging over them is that of being absorbed by the infernal machine of collectivity of being dehumanized, alienated and de-personalized by an anonymous and senseless system."

This is reflected in the Canadian Education Association Survey: an appraisal of education across the country done in 1973. The survey reports that Canadians want "protection of the individual against the too powerful influences of state and society." According to their findings, seven out of eight respondents think "boards (or committees) composed of parents, students, teachers and ordinary citizens" should be established everywhere. "These should then advise either the school board and its officials (30%) or each school (23%) or both (33%)."

And nearly 70% thought that such boards or committees should offer advice on all matters concerning principles and policies. The results of the survey were not claimed to be absolutely reliable nor necessarily accurate, but were rather a sensitive exploration of a difficult area of opinion. Some results, such as those on sex education (only 2% thought that the school should not be involved, and nearly 80% believed that the teaching should go beyond the physical and biological aspects) were unqualified and clearly contrary to what most of us think about ourselves. Also, an examination of the questionnaire returned indicated that in the home, matters investigated there were in marked differences between First and Second or Catholic and Protestant or Western French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians.

Dr. Joseph Lawverry, director of the Ontario Institute of Education in Toronto, who was responsible for the survey findings recalled: "There really do seem to be common fears and beliefs about education that provide a cohesive heading force for the nation."

Less than one fifth of those polled thought that education should, above all, help students get a better job, and the same small fraction thought that lack of discipline is the biggest problem facing schools. These queries indicated that the atmosphere in Canadian schools is either quite satisfactory or else too restrictive. The latter quarter was largely made up of older people and those without children in school, that is, of people who do not have much direct contact with the schools. So generally, people do not believe that our schools are too permissive.

Another surprising outcome of the survey was that about half the respondents seem willing to consider plans going up the idea of compulsory school attendance or, at least, of forcing it on an age much lower than the present.

The whole 47 page booklet *The Pursuit Of Education: Results Of A Canadian Education Association Survey* deserves close study. On reading it, I wondered whether it had been argued with conscientious openness, fighting actual enemies and I could not but agree with Dr. Lawverry's judgment: "I am deeply impressed by the astonishingly balanced, equitable, far-sighted, subtle, and sensitive responses." This is very different from the sort of thing often said in Europe or the U.S.A. — at random in most parts of the world.

The demand for educational reform is obvious, but the rhetoric of public responsibility is so big that it is the whole phony, the special interest groups — provincial governments, above all — don't let it happen. Indeed, only elected school trustees can claim to represent the public at large, and all too often they simply accept what the all-powerful provincial governments offer them, both financially and philosophically.

My experience in 1976 was typical of the power that a special interest group can exercise. After the Toronto School board selected me as a director of education, the Ontario education minister simply overruled the board's decision because I did not have an Ontario residence certificate. I was rejected. The most powerful group of elected educational policy makers in Canada just said: "Screw consensus individuals!" protested, but essentially the board didn't even exist.

I am sure that because parents through their elected representatives should have more say in the way their children are educated. That school teachers as to fit into society is beyond

question. But at the moment no one seems willing to change the conventional system in that it will be soundly so. This is all people are asking: some kind of institution, some give and take, some respectful responsiveness.

There are places in Canada where this simple desire has not been totally ignored. One year ago, the Greater Victoria School Board responded to public demands from a vocal but vocal group of parents and teachers to create two experimental elementary schools, each with about 150 students, and each with a different philosophy — or at least a different label. They were labelled as "The inner strand" and "the less strand" schools.

Like most labels, these titles are more calculated to raise the eyebrows and to appeal to the understanding. What the two schools *Strand and Strand* have in common — including their problems — is more, expressing their own sense of what is different and what is the same, which makes for better education. Both schools have enthusiastic teachers, students and parents. Both schools place a high value on communication. While these schools talk about what they do in different ways, the real differences are in their methods, not their objectives.

There is some opposition due to such obvious things as excitement over the publicity the new schools get, the fact that other schools may lose some of their most energetic students and that the "new" schools are not the size of the school. But as long as the school board remains itself in two such programs and works on three experimental nature the opposition should not increase.

From general observation, the Greater Victoria experiment seems to be working, although they have only gone through one year. The mere existence of alternatives, the breaking down of the conventional school monopoly, are not only overwhelmingly popular. The fact that this has been done within the school board, using public funds instead of drawing people to the expense and trouble of "free" and independent schools, has received general commendation. It has also represented school community relations, since these new disavowed with the regular schools have found an educational program which they consider distinctly better.

It is true that these schools are of these kinds of educational alternatives — in much greater abundance — is highly desirable. And I am fully committed to greater freedom. / continued on page 42

THE WAY WE WERE AT MOUNT ALLISON

Going on the way was difficult when there was nowhere to go

BY HARRY BRUCE

Smoking may already have gone the way thousands of jaded folk went on college campuses of the Twenties — into oblivion — but I agree and I must say down one more tale of Mount undergraduate heroics on a cold winter's night. For this was no ordinary streak. The streakers offered a terrible delight at the hands of noble and disheveled girls of a certain lineage as well. Matters over the fact that the streak occurred when, it did have the most profound historical significance to me. I missed seeing it by a few days. I missed participating in it by 20 years.

The streak happened last spring at my alma mater, dear old Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, and I happened to be up there preparing some memory-champagne on the following week. Now, smirking, repeating after the event is thereby. It is like seeing an acquaintance in an acquaintance who agree on precisely what happened at the ghastly moment. Shock seems to defuse perfect recollection. The face of exhibitionism is lighter in the mind of the witness than the precise number of exhibitors. ("I saw him at class the next day and he had all his clothes on," a girl remembered — but I simply don't know where to look at him.)

Moreover, streakers streak partly because they are builders of legends and those legends become history, the pillars of folk legends have exaggerated gossamer faces to turn men into heroes. No matter. The bare facts are the least interesting part of my story.

A poor folk, this. Once upon a dark and careless night between 30 and 50 male undergraduates took off all their clothes in their own residence on the south side of the campus, pulled gabdies over their bare legs and proceeded over their naked bodies and slipped out of the building. Their destination was Harper Hall — one of the newer women's residences and it lay a good quarter-mile away on the southern fringe of the university grounds.

They moved with the relentless precision of a passing threat and then all at

once they were standing together in the lobby of Harper Hall and they were ready perhaps at the drop of a handkerchief to perform a supreme act of military aggression.

Perhaps their courage was Dutch. Perhaps this happy few, this noble band of brothers had had a spot of booze. Mount Allison has ancient ties to the United Church but on a night like this, it would be a hard cheerfulness indeed should bestride a lad a last drink before he hit the front lines.

Sackville sits on the edge of the Tan-tarum marshlands, and the road starts on off the Bay of Fundy, and it winds and it sweeps across huge plains of slushy creek and over ridges and miles of strange desolate hay and then it rises around the red sandstone buildings of MA. As believed in its campus and under stars and night through its waters, and a boy very much on your side, it had news from a colder world and the March night in question was cold even by Sackville's standards. Before now, they say.

On this was a night then, we find out, have legged into MA, a combined good brotherhood in the ways of Harper Hall. The handkerchief drops. As the men — and women will soon be able to see that they are men — strip of their coats and drop them on the floor. Then out of trousers. Even so, that two three four five six. At this stage the streak is not so much a streak as a demonstration of what older Allovians might call indirect exposure or minor Seven-cup, one. But already the men are breaking up and moving inland in Harper Hall — and with this, half is empty of all men and their weapons. Alas, like countless, uncorrelated events before them, the streakers have finally walked out onto the wet, narrow.

The young women, usually creeps from the mountains and jungles. Swiftly they gather up the abandoned women and, in a continuous, snake of gossamer surface, they walk their under-riders down. Ah, but I can't have worn the same. Residential life has all ways bend in Mount Allison's corner

quarters of roof and gable and occasional communal outcroppings that make their beauty all the more painful and reveal the more structural convenience of their men as perfectly shielded. I wonder now if there were any history students among the naked streakers on that bitter night and if they had some during their homeward sprint through the marshes. Tantalum, however, is to be seen far beyond on Napoleon's coast from Miramichi.

I have had time for some reflections of my own. Exactly 20 years before The Great Mount Allison Streak, I was a bleeding sophomore, aged 19, on the same icy campus, and though I am planned to point about the paradoxical of that sticky place I felt in my young manhood still at my naked flesh that everything that mattered in my life was happening right there. In the spring, I'd say in my life all the way home to Toronto. But in the fall, I'd be back on campus a week earlier than I had to be a week earlier than all the other kids, walking alone through the pines, lost days of the fading Tantalum summer and feeling in my poor's heart a curious joy.

And the point is that I know now, as surely as I remember the sky, I figured it a girl's face during a streaker's skin on the college pond as surely as I remember discovering a swimming pool and Dylan Thomas in the same neck, as vividly as I remember being locked out of residence for me that arose through landscape drinking at night, as I remember President Ross (the Boss) Flemming catching me in his garage with a girl in my arms, as vividly as I remember hundreds of other bad and beautiful moments in that artificial and complete little world I knew once that was one of it was sudden, not even in the classic fashions of my most drunken conversations and hoarse dreams ever considered over and over, racing as it was made play through the old University Girls' Residence.

We all called it the UGR. It was the UGR back in my time (continued on page 56)



DAVID HARRIS

BIG TWO-FORKED RIVER

The Thompson is so splendid you feel happy for it

BY HUGH MacLENNAN

The road that leads up the Thompson River, from its confluence with the Fraser at Lytton, is an overture to one of the most complex river systems in the western hemisphere—a system shared by Canada and the United States: the Columbia being the master stream. Anyone who tries to follow the tributaries of the Columbia, to say nothing of the Columbia itself, will soon understand why David Thompson, greatest of all North American geographers, took four years to unravel

the system and more than two to discover which stream was the actual master. Before his explorations began, in that region all that was known of the Columbia was that a great river discharged into the Pacific below Puget Sound.

The Thompson is a two-forked river and its north branch comes out of glaciers in the Columbia Mountain System not far west of the Yellowhead Pass. The south branch has its source in Sheslay Lake. The branches unite at the head of

Kamloops Lake, flow through it, and issue in a common channel for their final run down to the Fraser.

The Thompson River leads you into the heart of southern British Columbia, a region as varied as it is stupendous, so wonderful, so beautiful, that no writer could possibly do it justice. He can only share his experience with his readers as best he can.

On all the other occasions I traveled up the Fraser Canyon the season was spring and the Fraser, beading with power as it carried off the melted mountain snows, could be seen snarling the Thompson in a wrangle shark-like gulp. When we were there in mid-September, after an exceptionally dry summer, the Fraser was in such low water it almost seemed tame. The shores of a river such as this are almost as informative as a ship's Pliemoll line, and after studying the water marks I estimated that the Fraser was anywhere from 15 to 18 feet lower than during a normal June. At any rate, it gave the Thompson a chance for once. While a string ran out a column of violet light over the western mountains we watched the Thompson gauge flooding in order that old-fashioned men bridge at Lytton. The Thompson was in equally low water but it seemed to have struck more force relative to the Fraser than it has in the spring, and because it is a splendid

river I felt happy for it. It flowed with a silky power into the misty, a swirl on its surface, not so green as it is in the spring but gleaming nevertheless, brownish-yellow I thought, yet full of light absorbing and reflecting the river so that the white effect of it was like shot silk. The Thompson's flow, within the Fraser was perfectly distinct for more than a quarter of a mile before it finally melted. It was very moving and beautiful.

The sunset faded and we saw fog coming up the valley and muzzling in the heights as swiftly as ever. I saw fog pour into Hellsen further from the Adams. We could feel it in our throats and the air struck cold so we went to a restaurant and ordered steaks to fortify us after a very long day. When the plates arrived they were completely hidden by enormous servings of meat. Eating in Grouse had accustomed me to the huge amounts of domestic food but from the size of these steaks it was clear that the men from whom they had come had been one of their wild ancestors—in other words, wild mountain goats. The meat was tough, gamey, and excellent and we could feel the numbness in it getting to work on us.

Four men in the red shirts of hunters were at the next table and I asked the nearest of them if the hunting season had begun. With his mouth full of meat which he himself had shot, he jerked his fork in an easterly direction and said



"Yeah, over there, but not yet on this side of the crest."

It had been a word day. We had left Montreal on a DC-8 at ten-thirty Eastern Daylight Time. Cloudy weather over the Shield, clearing over Superior and after Thunder Bay glimmered as we flew over the line of the voyageurs. Rainy River danced in every bend; the turbidulent diogenian, but indispensable Winnipeg River incredibly small when seen from 38,000 feet, a tinkling thread through the bush. The delta of the Red River was so blunted that I thought its appearance was caused by the jet stream and I realized that the noon daylight was so crystalline that I was looking down at the part of the delta which is actually submerged in Lake Winnipeg. Cloud cover over the Rockies: a quick glimpse of the Columbia going north, soon after and another glimpse of the Columbia going south, Salmon Arm, then clouds over everything, ourselves in them, finally feeling the plane descending the lights coming on up front telling us to fasten seat belts and emergency cigarettes then out into brilliant sunshine and a cloudless sky and close to starboard the Fraser coming into its delta looking calm, liberated and mighty. At the airport we rented a car and by three o'clock Pacific time we were on our way to the familiar but ever strange highway leading up the canyon past Hope. I remember seeing a cable car crossing

the river at Bell's Giant; it wasn't there the last time I had passed. A storm of innards came over me so I reduced that, barely 12 hours after breakfasting on an egg and beans in Montreal; we were eating wild yams at the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser, 182 miles from Vancouver.

Within a mile of the Fraser canyon, the Thompson takes you into a country as different from what you have left as Nevada is different from the rich mountain forests of northern California. The hills here are bare of almost everything, except sagebrush and most of them are as low as hills. Yet once upon a time all this land must have been fertile, for it contains rich grass growing materials. We had been up here a few years before guests of Walter Keeney at a ranch near Ashcroft and had seen for the first time a kind of farming I have never seen anywhere else in south central BC.

There are magnificent natural terraces along the banks of the lower Thompson and most of them have been planted for wheat and summer fodder. There is great cattle country and real cowboys ride its ranges. In a land that otherwise would be desert, water has been piped down from lakes as high as 3400 feet in the mountains to form a network of pipes laid out along the terraces below. From some of them protrude the needles of spruce, just like those you see on city lawns ex-

cept for this: with that tremendous head of water, the pressure is so great that water pipes are buried as far as 100 yards and this is a wonderful sight when the sun shines through them. When that happens, the air over the terraces of the Thompson is filled with rainbows.

"Oh yes," said the tall rancher. "There are cottonwoods here. Plenty of them right over there in the alfalfa. But they're like any other wild animal. They get out of your way when they hear you coming."

At Ashcroft the Thompson bends toward the southwest and its valley becomes wide and spacious. It was a deep trench along the side of the Iron-colored foothills, which moved slowly up to the high range to the west. Not far from Ashcroft you came upon a tragic reminder of the 1916-1918 War commemorated by a roadside plaque set up by the British Columbia Department of Recreation and Conservation. The land (now barren) is almost pure desert and the inscription on the plaque is as poignant as any war memorial in a British village with its terrible, incredibly long list of the names of the soldiers dead.

THE GARDEN OF WAR HEROES

Here blossomed a Garden of Eden. The sagebrush down changed to orchards through the irrigation and in-

dustry of English settlers during 1900-1914. Then the men left to fight — and die — for long and country. A storm ripped out the irrigation flume. Now only ghosts of these men and horses remain to mock this race through darkness.

When it leaves the western end of Kamloops Lake, the Thompson is deep, strong and about 150 feet wide. It even took its temperature and found it an intoxicating 80 degrees on this first mid-September day. The lake bends off southward toward a narrow — born that through with sun — and the crest of Kamloops is at the far end. It was founded in 1812 as a fur-trading post and its name is a corruption of the Indian word *kamloops*, which means "meeting at the water." Kamloops is a beautiful air well tempered with the profitable perfume that accompanies the manufacture of paper with wonderful views all about them and a tremendous prospect where the two arms of the Thompson do not so much enter the lake as melt into it again a silky tranquility reflecting the high clouds of noon and catching in its mirror the outline of a mountain.

The Thompson is an obstacle to more than a mere complex system of rivers. At Kamloops it brings you to the gates of not just our country but of

Continued on page 40





Billy Harris' mission to Moscow

Bobby Hull as Kharov, not. But Gordie Howe as Tedevron?

BY JOHN GAULT

C oaches as professional apes ask a lot about attitude, particularly a winning attitude. By this, they usually mean that a player will do anything short of punching out his number to win at games. In that light, it's hard to know what to make of Billy Harris and his Russian, which is, essentially, one of his plannings and goodwill, except perhaps to hope that he is the director of a long line. For Billy Harris is taking a team of Canadian professional hockey players into an eight-game series with the Soviet Union for reasons quite different from those that drive almost any other coach to take any other team into any other competition. His mission is nothing less than to succeed — maybe the word is *rehabilitate* — as a target for Canadian hockey teams abroad that most contrary to our craving new sort of street gangs on skates. "I'm looking for guys with class," Harris told me in June when he was contacting players for Team Canada '73. "I'm looking for guys with ability, but mainly I'm looking for guys with class." For class, not an ability to use the world as mere chess is hockey rink. That is, in most professional hockey, is a heavy mistake.

But next, water, dream, created Billy Harris, coach of the World Hockey Association's, present version of Team Canada '73, is, quite admirably, stuck with it. In his book, there are worse things than being, and there is one thing almost as good as winning: defeat with honor and dignity, coming away with a sense of having played as well as you can and having been honestly beaten by a superior team (at least, on that day). "I'm about the farthest thing away from that fellow who used to coach Great Britain," Harris says, referring to, but forgetting the name of, the late Victor Lombard, whose famous remark — "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing" — sums up the whole business of attitude at far too many professional coaches are concerned. Lombard, who drove the Packers to five NFL and two Super Bowl championships, has a lot of Canadian adherents among coaches in nearly

every sport. But to Harris he represents everything inherent in achieving endeavor victory at any cost by whatever means necessary.

Harris' attitude, which is shared by the Winnipeg Jets' great Bobby Hull, his assistant coach, and by Edmonton's Bill Hunter, the Team Canada '73 general manager, should not be interpreted as that of a loser, nor should it be considered even for a moment that Harris, Hull, Hunter and the rest are going into the Russian series expecting to lose it. Quite the contrary. They expect to win it. But not at all cost — certainly not by trying to beat up on the Soviet players.

Even though Team Canada '73, which was composed of many of the National Hockey League's finest players, just managed to scrape past the Russians four games to three with one tied, and even though the Russian teams get stronger every year, Harris and Hull both believe they can win it. Hull told me: "What I would like to be a part of is a sweep of eight games. That's the only way I can look at it. But it would be a victory in a lot of people's eyes if we were able to play the Russians every day."

Indeed, the consensus at this writing was that the Soviets would take seven, maybe eight games from the WHA, all-star. Of course, the consensus before the 1973 series was that Team Canada would take seven and likely eight games and thoroughly humiliate the Russians, that the Russians would make a team of it was without counting away with one said so was suspected of insanity or fellow-traveling or treason or all three.

Harris, coach of the WHA's Toronto Toros, insists that an all-star team from his league could beat an all-star team from the NHL. Right now. Aside from observing that he may be exhibiting a little occasional chauvinism, I can't really comment on that. My first reaction is to say "Nameless," but then I was one of those who figured Team Canada would beat hell out of the Russians two years ago. The *Edmonton Journal* once said a lot of Canadians, especially those on the team or closely associated with a

was that I didn't much care. In fact, I think right from the beginning some little intelligence deep inside me was hoping that the Russian would beat the Canadians, whose arrogance was becoming a bit insufferable, and I don't think I started cheering for Team Canada until the final period of the final game.

The Canadian team went into the 1973 series with a lot of confidence and that was to our Russian team right out of the park, to prove once and hopefully for all that big time hockey was the exclusive property of Canadian professionals. "Handsome thanks!" Paul Henderson asked me rhetorically, when we were walking together on a post-series hook. *The Face Of Cold*. "Oh really?" I would have just loved to have beaten them all eight games (10 nothing, so completely three times we were the best hockey players. Of course, there was just no way.

Recently, The Russians quickly proved, with the '73 win in the final game in Montreal, that they were not so down to have the belt beaten out of them, either by skill or by brute force. And in Canadian hockey team will ever again face the Russians with that kind of arrogance. Canada did "win" the series, with that remarkable comeback in Moscow where Henderson scored winning goals in each of the last three games. Sure, we all went nuts for a while, but in what respect we come to realize that it was only because individuals such as Phil Esposito and Henderson began to play the best hockey of their lives (Henderson's performance was almost unprecedented) that the Canadian team advanced the series at all. As a team, the Russians were better, individually, not quite so good.

Let's make a couple of assumptions: first, the WHA team lacks the overall talent of the NHL stars, second, the Russians will be better than they were two years ago, third, September is the worst possible time for Canadian players because they aren't in shape — as proven by Team Canada '72. All of these make sense. / continued on page 64

Paperback hero

Dan Rose of East Brunswick, N.J., has written 234 successful novels in 13 years. But there he had a late start

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

While Saint John, New Brunswick, has had more than one homicidal maniac in the nearly 200 years since its loyalty landed there with its declared mission of establishing the "most gentlemanlike prison on earth," it has never had a Jack the Ripper or a Thomas Swagelok who is obedient to some terrible works in his house, convicted murderer as a true artist produces his art with absurd persistence. Unconscious and content. I mention that last because it was who lived there for five years, it has always surprised me a little. Not that Saint John is built by chance of violence, until recently its mistakes were more reminiscent of Damon Runyon than of Saint Patrick. But it's a place of fog, according to one of those local legends the Saint John airport is fogged in more often than any other airport in the world.

The day I went to Saint John to find out from the novelist Dan Rose what it feels like to have written 234 books in 13 years, it had been raining for so many days that nobody could get his undivided attention on anything else. The people discussing the weather on the bar of the Admiral North Hotel sounded positively angry. This rain does dampen on was getting on their nerves. It wouldn't have been difficult to turn a fight. "Prisoner who did not wish your wife to die?" Because it wouldn't stop raining. For House, Rose says he had been reading for 14 days. Tom (Rose) and I could make it out in any case.

It didn't surprise me when I learned that no fewer than 150 of Dan Rose's books were Gothic novels. Of the three that I read in the week prior to my going to Saint John to talk with him, one was entitled *Face in The Fog*. "Her journey of love became a terrifying voyage into terror," one reviewer called it. *Flaming Of Top of the World*. "No story side a terrifying tale of evil and soul to realize, her way." It did rather surprise me that I found these so-called reviews of even mildly frightening — became few adults can be as susceptible to horror stories as I am. H. P. Lovecraft didn't do as much as stretch me when I was 12 and even Night Riders, occasional the sound me. "There are writers who've written more books than I have," says Dan Rose, aged 61, but looking 15 years younger, a bubbling, bright-eyed man in red slacks, a yellow shirt and a tartan jacket. I suspect his personality is a bit like that of a Singapore Sling, as strong as a martini but with the strength hidden by a somewhat theatrical mixture of rickshaws, lemons, oranges, and cherries. "Gustave S. Simonson has written more than 500 and John Galsworthy, who's a friend of mine, has done 400. But nobody has ever written as many books as I have in so short a time. That's where my record lies. I didn't start writing fiction until I was 48 years old."

God, I think, 234 books in 13 years, not to mention more than 600 short stories? And nowadays the man writes 90,000 words each every month of his life. "Usually I take 24 hours off between books," he says, and although he smiles it's obvious that he isn't joking. He's probably the fastest fiction writer who ever lived. By the time his daughter, his output will equal and probably surpass the total. (Continued on page 50)



The Hatches of Alberta

Let us now praise Victor and Susan, Vinall, Debra, LaVern, Lutz, Dorrell, Irene, Jodie, Norman and Laraine, five wagons, 17 horses, 23 cattle, 300 sheep, two pigs and 12 chickens. Edith, Opal and Nelson arrived later.

BY HERBERT HARKER



Alberta is a young enough land to have its living pioneers — people who saw it before there were houses or fields or fences — people who held the plough that tamed under the buffalo grass and planted the first crop of wheat.

Victor and Susan Hatch are Alberta pioneers (over one — once around the turn of the century when as children he came from Arizona and she came from Utah with their families as the Mormon colonists of northern Alberta, and a generation later when, with their own children, they moved on search of a homestead to the Cold Lake area 600 miles north.

I didn't go straight home from school on that first day of May 1933. I stopped at the Hatch farm to watch the final preparations for their departure. The Hatches were our closest neighbors, so their children constituted a third of the students in our one-room country schoolhouse. For me their leaving was a melancholy occasion.

The sun was getting low when at last Vic Hatch snapped his lines, and the lead wagon rolled away. Behind him, the others moved in turn onto the grassy road — his wife, Susan, and their nine children each taking up his share of responsibility for their five wagons, 17 horses, 23 cattle, 300 sheep, two pigs, and 12 chickens. I watched the caravan, more than a quarter of a mile long, turn the corner at the crossroads where the schoolhouse stood and disappear over the hill.

Like summer — 40 years later, I talked to Victor and Susan Hatch at the home in Canada where they retired in 1960 — an old house surrounded by broad lawns, banks of flower beds and a vegetable patch that looks like a market garden. They live now within 25 miles of the farm at Glenwood from which they set out on that historic trip.

We're a tall, erect pair. He has a still steady, but looks at least 20 years younger than 80. He speaks slowly, with frequent pauses.

Within "Our cattle were mostly milk cows. We milked 'em all the way and separated the milk. We'd drink all we could, and feed it to the pigs. Sometimes we had so much milk we'd use it to dig potatoes, to soften the ground for the wagon. When we stopped for the night we always made a corral for the stock — dog holes and arsing wire."

"I drove the lead outfit — seven horses hitched to two wagons full of machinery. My son Debra was next, he wagon loaded with our things from the house, and a lantern behind with two pigs in it. Susan drove the cook wagon with the stove, the bed, the cupboard, the cream separator and the washing machine. We had a chicken house in wire cage on the back of the cook car behind the wagon. Vinall and the kids brought along the cattle and 300 head of sheep."

"In the morning we'd milk and sort the sheep and cows and kids down the trail. Then we'd —"

Susan and Victor Hatch of Cherry Grove, Alberta (started four new crews with two late additions), surrounded by a good size pig of their 145 three descendants. (A pioneer's)

May your house be safe from bureaucrats

Consider, Amnerraters, what the Ministry of Transport did to Harry Kohne and his neighbors in Richmond, BC

BY ROBERT HARLOW

Barbara Kohne was looking out her window the morning of May 30 1973, watching the postman make his way around smaller Tapp Road, delivering to each house those plain brown envelopes favored by paragraphers and civil servants. She telephoned her husband Harry at the University of British Columbia where he works as a taxicab driver. "Here a crowd," she said. Harry began to laugh, equal parts of fear, anger and the gut-wrenching kind of tension.

What the civilists wanted, the Kohnes knew, was the price the government had set on property on Sea Island in Richmond, BC, which had been ordered "transferred to the crown" to allow for the expansion of Vancouver's International Airport. The notion of waiting was useless for Barbara because like all the moment she and Harry and their three children had shared with the government of Canada for six years, this one, she knew, would be unbearable. Familiar behavior, no matter how gross, becomes in the end a kind of society.

The moment had been a long time coming. Unlike the people of Pickering, Ontario and St. John's, Quebec, whose expropriation proceedings for new airports were made clear almost from the start, the people on Sea Island had lived with rumors of the federal government's plans for 12 years. At first, in the early Sixties, no one worried. Perhaps the Sea Islanders didn't really believe the rumors. Then in 1966, Transport Minister Jack Pickens announced that airport expansion was imminent.

Pickens' statement set the pattern for the way the Ministry of Transport policy continued to be revealed in Vancouver's announcements. No prime documents ever ordering the next job to be done. Expansion of the airport had gone forward under pressure from unseen forces. Sea Island didn't suddenly come into Harry Kohne and his friends' world until he and his neighbors had moved.

D. H. MacLeod, then as MDT employee and now regional manager of property services for the Department of

Public Works in BC, says that in the spring of 1968 he was asked by the airport planners to begin having land on the Sea Island transfer submitted to accommodate a taxi strip for the new CFA airport. Native man people come forward to sell to MacLeod's work. This was a subtle connection. In fact, during the 15 years of an existence only few families had moved away and this was because herds of house-kids had been transferred to other parts of Canada.

On July 17, 1968, in an aviation news column in the Vancouver *Province*, it was reported that "the planned new taxi-way runway [at the Vancouver International Airport] will be to the north of the new Terminal Building through the middle of Cora Brown and look Department of Transport and Richmond officials don't think it will cause many new problems. Under present planning the work will start in 1971 and the taxi runway will be in operation by 1973. The crown is gradually buying up privately owned land and houses on Sea Island as they become available, with the eventual goal of owning them all."

The effect of the report was to announce the reality of the pressure on Cora Brown homeowners to sell and to consider their properties worthless on the open market. There was only one buyer now and that was the crown. Think about it for a moment. You wake up one morning and read in the newspaper that first your house is going to be expropriated but that it is going to be bought at the crown's leisure whenever you go to one of its agents and say you are ready to sell. No protection under the Expropriation Act. Just you and the Ministry of Transport agreeing on a price — according to the crown's rules.

Tapp Road, where Harry and Barbara Kohne lived, is shaped like the figure nine and branches off a two-lane secondary highway that winds around the edge of the island until it eventually strikes the north arm of the Fraser River. Between the Kohnes and the river about 500 yards away are private lands, riding points, grazing, and grass.

glossy, rubber, asphalt, constantly shifted and frost ruts bearing. Cora Brown is 20 minutes from downtown Vancouver and as far out into the country as you can get — cut off. Harry's 2,400-square-foot, two-story house — typically grand, not big — is set on a half-acre of prime land. The airport is just 1,000 yards from his van dock, but he says someone nearby the dock that would be themselves at the end of the runway over there and then scream up into the sky are only perpetually hired by Cora Brown. A similar lifestyle is a similar setting elsewhere would involve a pre-paid assessment about say, living in Southlands. Cora Brown's town area across the North Arm, where a place like Harry's might have sold for \$90,000.

The Ministry of Transport's view was different. "A lot on Sea Island," D. H. MacLeod says, "was the last exposure in Richmond and some of those post-war VLA houses over there were not in good shape." Harry, on the other hand, says "Never were criteria given for appraising and making an offer on a house and property." MacLeod counters by saying that appraising was a three-part process and the formula is easily stated: the cost of a similar lot elsewhere in Richmond, plus the replacement cost of the house (less depreciation) plus the

value of the property's development potential. The only things left out are a family's investment in time on human relationships in lifestyle — all the effective elements of living. Especially the kind of life possible in Cora Brown, a place that was no more like Richmond proper than townhouses are like hobby farms.

The drama of the expropriation of Cora Brown is a long one and the prologue to Act One is a letter in *Transport Magazine* written by the Sea Island Residents' Association in September 1967 asking what the government's intentions were. In due course the letter was back saying there were no firm plans yet. "We will let you know in the near future." That near future never came to pass.

"Looking back," Harry says, "that was our first brush with what we came to call Defeat, Defeat, and Defeat. I just wanted us off the hook for a while. You see, all we poor naïve people wanted was some information to get on. Unlike Toronto's new airport site at Pickering, where the conflict was ecological, or Montreal's new airport in St. John's, where the heart of the problem was the destruction of a way of life, established three for centuries, Cora Brown was no problem at all. No one

was saying the railway shouldn't be considered — at least not then — or the airport expanded. We simply wanted to know when these things were going to happen and how and in what manner we could be certain of retaining or reasonably equivalent premises.

The curtain for Act One rose on September 1968 when in 1968 the riding of Burnaby-Richmond elected a new MP. He was Tom George, a Liberal who was easily in part because he got the Cora Brown vote by promising government action to clear up the trouble there. It wasn't, however, until a year later that he was finally persuaded to hold a meeting in Cora Brown, attended by himself and D. H. MacLeod of the MDT. This was the first time the residents had been able to face someone from the ministry and the questioning was prepared and intense. But as Harry recalls, all replies boiled down to this: we're not actively helping, we're only helping people relocate when they come to us. We're not building a runway yet, even just mentioned in future plans.

After the meeting had broken up, Richmond Alderman George May said — a group of Cora Brown people "started making things for yardsticks made your own." Which was the beginning of a group against the Two-partition.

The Two-partition was called that because they got together and hired a lawyer to advise them and to negotiate for them. His fee would be up to 25% of the final sales price for the houses, of the 80 residents who were along with the advice. The lawyer was Charles Johnston, Liberal president of Burnaby-Richmond riding and he must have thought the deal a fair one. A few months of deal bargaining on behalf of his clients and the whole thing could be successfully concluded. Nearly five years later, Johnston must be wondering if his original advice to them ("You're sitting ducks as individuals") isn't somehow a great laugh in him.

Despite his Liberal connection, Johnston wasn't able to get a meeting in Ottawa with new Transport Minister Don Jamieson until December 1969. Meanwhile, MDT had again been making deals with people, enough or better enough to offer them land privately to the crown. Out of the first to sell was Norman Edwards. For a half-acre lot and a 1,500-square foot house in fair condition he was offered \$31,500 according to Land Registry Office records. Not bad. In fact, according to the MDT formula, very good. Pay \$19,000 for the lot, \$17,250 — 1,150 square feet, a \$15 — for the house and \$4,250 for improvements. Not that anyone knew, what the formula was, but people came forward. Offers grew progressively smaller. The Harolds' house, place was twice as big as Edwards' and he got \$29,000. Hardly generous. The MDT said that every property was different. Some were more different than others. Gus-Gusson's only on Mykon Road died and his widow was without means. She had to sell the one acre and half and her husband had been virtually off his feet since he came home from World War II. Unbelievably, the records state that she got \$21,000. With flourish, basing the crown's own effective criteria were applied by the land agents.

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Notice of Expropriation

Thérèse Casgrain: enfant terrible at 78

Being a socialist Senator from Quebec was nothing compared to, say, getting her children to accept her as a red parent

BY ANN CHARNEY



Then Senator Thérèse Casgrain made her first political speech in Quebec, little about the event overshadowed the farcical course of her life as Canada's "hardest feminist."

It was 1931. The women of Quebec were denied the right to vote in provincial elections and their participation in politics was deemed a "marriage."

"Making justice a..." said the Archbishop of Quebec speaking for most sensible people of the time, "rather several law, not the good of society."

Miss Casgrain was 25 years old and read. She had been carefully prepared for the accomplishment of the day's main and tried to provide another

are happen in the background. When her husband Pierre Casgrain, a Liberal MP, became ill during an election campaign, she secretly forced herself pushed into a public position and forced to speak. "As long as I live I will see myself on the balcony of the back of the hotel in Rue St. Paul. This crowd numbered about 2,000 and I was scared with shame. But, because I loved my husband, I spoke before all those people and that is how it all began."

Her relationship never existed there as in a fairy tale with a love story and it developed over the years in the most remarkable fashion, struggling between a kind of upper class benevolence and real social activism.

Thus she was responsible for founding *Le Ligue de la Jeunesse féminine* where young French-Canadian girls of leisure could be trained for "good works," as well as *La Fédération des Femmes du Québec* to provide French-speaking women of different ages and socialities with a single effective public voice. She was also a founding member of the Federation of French-Canadian Charities. At the same time the socialist hard currency Quebec branch of the Civil Liberties Union. She has served on the board of Immigrant Affairs and some years later as member of the CCF in Quebec the first woman in Canada to lead a recognized party.

The ambivalence is her activities as

not a reflection of her motives. Her actions are sincere, and it is neither philosophical nor subtle. Her interest in the welfare of others, particularly the less fortunate, is in much a part of her as another woman's passion for gardening. Today when people accuse her of a certain conservatism, she proudly points out that, like despised members of a fourth generation, she is a member of a group photograph, the entire number of cases that have benefited from her participation. It is an impressive list. It speaks of her dedication and of her struggle to get beyond the limits set for her by the conservatism of her time.

Unusually it was in 1931 for women to make political speeches. Miss Casgrain might have easily slipped into the conventional life of a wealthy young woman like most of her convent-hold friends, she could have accepted her conservative view, longer phobias, and devoted whatever energies she craved from society-page activities. These were the privileges the good times had blessed her with as her husband and she had every right to them.

She rejected these without regret. Slowly, she began to disengage herself from the mold in which her life had cast her. In the process she acquired the strength for being angry, hopeful and lively social struggles and a taste for controversy and class reform.

She is an extremely likable woman. From the first moment of meeting I sensed the twinkling, mischievous and mischievous humor that makes her seem at 78 incredibly vigorous, attractive, and as vulnerable as an adolescent.

I called for her early one morning to accompany her to Dawson College where she was to give a lecture. She lives in Westmount, in a somewhat grand apartment building with strong precautions to luxury. Most of the tenants fall into the comfortable retirement bracket, and this building is a faithful facsimile of the kind of architecture they have grown accustomed to during their years in the South.

In the continuous winter greyness, the early hour seemed painful. But Miss Casgrain was already waiting for me, poised, graceful, and very gracious. There was a personal word for the domestic member for the first time, and when she turned to me her brow furrowed with no hint of restraint or awkwardness or insecurity. She has the gift of immediate intimacy.

"How I look! Do you think I'm wearing too much neck? At my age I said some necking but I don't want to end up looking like a painted ghost. It's all right? Good. You know I'm wearing the red because today because my children don't approve of it. They think it's improper for someone my age. I don't want to upset them so I only wear it when they're not around. They love me dearly, they have sufficient respect for my work not to ask me to hide it, nevertheless they expect me to look like a proper grandmother!" We contrived this stage for a moment and she laughs, dismissing it as just too ridiculous.

"Still, I must look pretty dignified to some people. Yesterday I was on the bus, and a woman came up to me and said, 'You must be Miss Vancor.' I corrected her and explained that Miss Vancor would never be caught dead riding a city bus." Her laughter conveyed satisfaction that she. She takes pleasure in gently shocking people, in making outrageous remarks to maintain a certain ironic wit, nevertheless, takes great pride in being called beautiful.

But our course to a steadily trapped in early morning traffic, but Miss Casgrain showed no impatience. The flow of words continued, often spiced each other while seemed as everything seemed grounded in solid terra.

No subject leaves her indifferent. A short story in the first edition of *Le Marquis* was discussed for the photographic content. A play she saw the night before, *Chamberlain or le Chef* about the Dalphino era. Her first with excitement. For one thing she is enthusiastic in it, and she enjoyed rediscovering a period of great personal intellectual indignance followed as she / continued on page 32

BY BETTY JANE WYLIE

My late husband didn't get into the theatre business until 1964 when he took over the Macaulay Theatre Centre, general manager. By that time we were well into our marriage and children — four of them under 10. Was I worried about the glamorous business he was getting into? Was I concerned about all those beautiful actresses? Did a bother me that the previous one (Joan Agnew) was on their second wave? Yes.

Many partners over a 10-year relationship are faithful to each other, and I suspect that more of them are trying than is generally realized. Why else the huge sales of the seasons series *The Sexiest Woman*, *The Sexiest Man*, *The Sexiest Couple*? These books have become bestsellers mainly not for his-and-hers stories but for people who want to keep a good relationship out of a revolving door, resorting to swapping or playing the field. Sex is one of the most guarded secrets there is and it's never more when it's played between very close friends (or husband and wife). It may indeed be one of the best kept secrets of this age — that most men are faithful to their wives — but rarely admit it.

must have a new girl [friend]? They think sexual experimentation is made very though they are about as safe with you as they would be handling a live grenade in a cloud. Commitment is long-term pride of allegiance to any one or anything, is unacceptable.

Small wonder then that so many young people simply live together, being afraid of a contract that may disintegrate and prove disastrous. More and more psychologists and marriage counselors are advocating some sort of trial period before the total commitment of marriage. I don't believe that the lack of commitment before the commitment is dangerous; but maybe it depends on the people.

(transcribed on page 10)



David J. Smith, Jr. / Getty Images



I knew one young actress who found herself gloriously involved with a young assistant director a few years ago and who advocated freedom of rings, that is, the ability of the director to wear the ring he wears himself. (A former saying of all those young free-lovers in Olsen's line from *The Fugitive*: "Let them be quiet in your apartment.") And she insists every word. Until the girl pregnant. They both wanted the child, no problem there. But conformity raised its symmetrical head: the kid needed a name. So they got married. And they're still together, adding to conformity in a nonconformity way by being happy in their union.

On the other hand, another young actress and actor that I knew also had a glorious cooperative relationship.

"When are you two going to get married?" I kept asking them, breaking my head off asking a dumb question.

"When we have time," they said. "We feel married married and don't really need the paper to prove it." But the tags and witnesses of differing career opportunities have a way of making you no longer a unit. Would they be together still if they had made a deeper commitment to each other? I like to think so. But of this is what you would call promiscuity.

Robert Aron Fowler, director of *Whisper* (Dove), is a young man proposing to a young woman. He says, "Will you be my first wife?" When marriage is reduced to legalized short-term cohabitation, then divorce truly becomes the "instrument of sublimity," as a French poetess calls it.

There's a saying that you know it's true love if you're willing to use the other person's toothbrush. I suspect there are a lot of people who don't mind a roll in the hay together who wouldn't dream of sharing a toothbrush. It makes you wonder.

I have a fun friend who says her beautiful body prevents her from hav-

ing an affair. "Smaller at last!" she says. "I'd have to take my clothes off and then there would be it!" If the star loses weight, I guess her husband should start carrying "fud" (fudge) sandwiches or bagels, if they help to hold a marriage together. There's the way my husband described his diet. "It would have to be so good," he'd say, "that even if Betty Ann walked into the room I'd say 'Just a minute, dear!'"

I have a tendency to fall in love with mythical characters, especially the ones I create. When I have been in rehearsal for a play I have found myself totally drawn to the actor playing my favorite character and used to love the distance between my paper love and the flesh-and-blood human being who is giving it lifelike dimensions. When this has happened, I have taken out my feelings in study—with my husband. I mean, we had a good thing going for us, and we worked to keep it that way.

I don't believe anyone, male or female, can come through a series of bed-and-breakfast escapades free of sex as normal as a husband or not in charge of sex is a cold shower. What happens to one's body affects one's psyche and vice versa, especially vice.

Practicing made life from a practical point of view. All these have led, all that advice to singles are still based on the old, you-be-the-man—I'll-be-the-lady idea. Playing house for one night stands or even on a longer-term basis does not make good economic sense for a girl. She still isn't allowed to give away the best years of her life, to least not until the government starts paying attention to the recommendations in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women.

Nowadays, all that the new female sexual morality means is that a girl is expected to put out for free, for fun. Who's threatened?

Today with the Pill another man can

his wife need fear alien genes in the family. But surely that's not the only reason a man might want fidelity from his wife: the guarantee that her children are also his. Contraception gives him something off confidence, then by-product flourish in an atmosphere of trust. There was a joke made the rounds when Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor first got together. He got up in the night to answer nature's call and saw his wife.

"Save my place. I'm coming back." Surely a man as well as a woman has a right to expect some security of future.

And who's to say who needs it most? Having been a woman all my life, I cannot speak for men. We're all human beings though. And human beings, strange beast that they are of material processes dependent on the chemistry of a physical plant, need a lot of tender loving care. A human being needs the loving security of another human being and that is one of the things marriage is for. Every sibling really wants another to say "I love you best." He gets married because he thinks by his family friend someone who does love him best. He cheats then, he or she will feel of the partner turns out to love a lot of people indiscriminately.

Married is an ugly word and hard to live with in the small moments of bad feeling and short-sightedness that go on in every couple's bedchamber. Sexual intimacy is composed of a lot of little things which are the sweeter for not being shared with anyone else. Should that be denied to husband or wife?

After a famous marriage I find myself now still in love with and faithful to a man who is dead. My mind has begun to follow what that man's, my past body is now dead. What happened to all those colored lights? I don't see any way around this problem. I still believe in commitment, and I recommend it to everyone. Make it for life. Live well. Love well. ♡

THE THOMPSON from page 17

men, and the midnight, the beauty, the wilderness was the most beautiful man in such to your presentation of what modern men can do in a life you wish to live.

If you follow the course of the North Thompson, you can travel for 110 miles north through mountain country which must have surely even scratched all the way to its source just west of Mount Baldy and the Great Divide. If you follow the south branch the road will take you just as source in Skowhegan Lake, and then along the Eagle River through Crater Lake where Lord Stevenson drove in the early days of the CPR. You can see what a role the Thompson has played in the settlement

of British Columbia, for the basis of Canada's principal railway systems for low both in branches and sometimes along its entire course into the Fraser Valley.

It was so difficult it was so terribly difficult to build a continuous track into a nation in Canada's harsh terrain. What wonder when the railroads were built, how the Indians, how the Indians were turned so numerous that a people rapidly becoming middle class should no longer wish to think much about the truth of the early days. Step by step in the 19th century, step by step in the 20th, Canadian society has been built from this.

But the river is an worth knowing

so they ever were for a girl ever after all is more than a personality in its own right. It is a vital link with a people's past, and after it is a mystery.

The river is always a new man yet forever the same, just as men are new in each generation but forever the same, and always must relate what the others lived before them. As I did say, at least up to a point, when I found out that a personal discovery of the river of Canada was also a discovery of the country which had given me a home. ♡

This article is an excerpt from *Rivers of Canada*, by the author of the 20th Canadian society has been built from this.

But the river is an worth knowing

"So that's Triple Crown!"

Discover the whisky for the light drinker.

Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Geby



The test of
a truly fine gin
is not how many
people try it, but
how long they
stay with it.

New gins are always turning up
But people learn they don't come faster
than Burnett's White Satin.
That's why, year after year, Burnett's
drinkers vote Burnett's drinker
Enjoy something smooth with
Burnett's White Satin tonight



SIR ROBERT
BURNETT'S
White Satin Gin

Distilled and bottled according to the royal warrant for Sir Robert Burnett & Co. Limited
by Her Majesty's Commissioned Distillers, Canada

never got his chance. About halfway through the meeting, Mullins got up and told them all: "I've had enough of this crap. I'm going to my office and do some work." Good, but old-fashioned, latter-management theatre. "A bit of slack to beat us with," Harry says with rare Whammy aplomb that "Gonzalez offers have been made to you and they've not been accepted." But the residents as a quantum formula was dismissed. After the meeting, Troop was shown the job-seeker file in MOT buying practices. Troop was especially interested in the Thomas house, in fact: Harry thinks it may have persuaded him to stay in town a month to work with Johnson on their acquisition formula, which became known as the Troop Formula. He put personal pressure on the MOT so that some Core Brown residents during his stay received fair prices for their properties. He got service for those who were hard pressed. One couple pocketed a cheque in an instead-of-seven days.

Troop went out on September, 1971 to put his formula through checks and have it approved. Months went by. Things went at a snail's pace, but the pressure wasn't off. People folded, went to the MOT and got what they could. Then in March, 1972, the Troop Formula was turned down by cabinet.

There was no appeal. The report took Core Brown's breath away, and at that moment the crown, as the attack now sent out MP Tom Goode with another play. He held a meeting on May 25, 1972, at the end of his Island of Core Brown is on the north. There he asked a citizen's representation of the citizens of Core Brown did not all look by eleven o'clock the next morning that they didn't want to be represented, but he Tom Goode MP would assume they wanted it and he would risk the money to re-propose. Harry and five friends had made the trip to the meeting. They raised objections, were supported by the people standing and Goode had to hold another meeting for Core Brown. The residents voted 100% for the Troop Formula and sent Goode back to Ottawa with the message. The minister that issued a statement, referred to Robert as a Chamber of Commerce meeting, that said Core Brown would be represented as a pair at all.

Everything and everyone was exhausted. There wasn't anything left to do but put out the Prime Minister himself. Trainers and his BC connection were holding in the weeks and just before he returned to Ottawa he appeared on Jack Webster's talk show. Core Brown appeared with a placard in front of CIBC's Commerce Centre. The RCMP security team allowed Harry and Bill Schaefer to surround Webster's house while the PM did his thing with the people. As time went on the noise continued on page 39



Legendary Peru

Dea runs, lonely Andes and troubles disappearing into this air

BY JOY CARROLL

Floating in the warm black tea of a jungle lagoon, with its available fish nibbling at my foot. I wonder how I happen to be here.

Yarnas (Yarnas meaning heavy lake, is deep in the Peruvian jungle and I am swimming off a dugout canoe along with my travel companion Nancy and two men from nearby Amazon Lodge. The canoe, a hollowed-out alligator wood-log is anchored by a man's leather belt to a flimsy dock. The water temperature is 110 degrees and the humidity is 99%. Which probably explains my sudden bath of bromine. Although it doesn't explain why two unattached Canadian canoe women are taking around in the Peruvian jungle.

Well, here's how it happened. One grey Canadian day, Nancy and I were thinking travel and we decided to find out what would happen if two liberated ladies took off for Peru with an open mind and a limited pocket book.

To reach that lush jungle we flew from Toronto to Lima (now hours long) and then took a hardy (I believe) and an additional 562 to Iguaçu, a city of 50,000 on the border of the

Amazon (Iguazu is a busy port and cruise ships carry 2,000 miles away from the Atlantic). We were headed for Amazon Lodge. It's an hour's ride up the river and into the trees from Iquazu and for approximately \$30 a day you get transportation by motor launch to and from Iquazu, luxury meals into the jungle to visit Yana Indians in homes with their blouses, rubber boots to protect your feet, and dried pacu: a large local fish which is served boneless. If you're lucky, you might also get a swim ride by motorboat to look for caecilians along the shore.

"The Amazon is a huge green chest full of surprising events," says a cherry government travel folder. Here right it is. The pale strip of moon visible over the dark lake in the afternoon sunbath, the way or less whapping up pendulum trees in the breeze and the silver butterflies that follow you everywhere are fantastic. As is the equally hot.

"One thing sure," Nancy murmured as we trudged up the riverbank to the lodge. "It is too damned hot here for me to get any romantic ideas."

Despite her prediction, it is less than an

hour I found myself swinging in a net hammock to the serenade of a beautiful Brazilian Sam. I was being attacked by an array of handsome mosquitoes (a dip of a liberal dose of insect repellent and my single canvas shirt was already damp, but the Spanish songs were oddly soothing in all those green trees and somehow it didn't seem quite so hot anymore. So much for prophesy.

You can make reservations for the lodge while in Lima, or you can get off the plane in Iquazu and wait at the airport. Chances that you will then be captured by the lodge's ambrosious youth. Great, and carried off into town are good. That's what happened to us.

Nancy and I had a contact in Iquazu, but he failed to show at the airport and I was overheard and almost lost.

"You are Canadians?" I was asked by Canadian missionaries and like Canadians. Get in the back of my truck and I'll drive you into town with the rest of my passengers."

The rest, very warmly, as inside the trucks and made the welcome. But mud dogs and Canadian grills rode inside Iquazu in the secondary van. Twenty

means later we each had a southern food & Spanish dish, but both were severely dehydrated, and we suspected we had dislocated spines from bouncing over the hard clay roads. Roads which, we discovered, turn into three feet of gray ash and if it happens to rain.

Our Court had a security guard up for a day and a night at Amosco Lodge he magically produced our Spanish Connection. (Everybody knows everybody else in Iquitos, apparently.) Our connection, Juan, turned out to be a charming, colorful, short Iquitos "with Spanish accents who spoke a little French, a little English and much Spanish. He turned us toward the harbor, the novel boat, the aqueduct, and a jungle lake house. Quetzacoche, where the government breeds fish to stock other lakes. Later we ate dinner at the sport's best Chinese restaurant, Chang Wa. Here because of the heat, most people drink beer with their food and fish dishes. There is many a fish here. The blossoms splashed against impaled beer string vessels which ferment in the air. Baccards whirling high above the trees and soft debris left by the rivers after they shrink in the other season. Insects with extraordinary wings escaped in their heads. Quec women walking the streets in cotton skirts. If it is a central place. The military and the police are everywhere, but they create no special problems for us. It is easy to get through customs in Peru. Customs are only necessary to cash your tourist's cheques, and if there is any trouble it is with below the surface.

Our second night in the jungle proved a violent storm. Rain is a million feet' head has a special sound. The jungle seems to close in. I felt into a depression but whether it was the heat, the constant struggle to communicate in my eighth-century Spanish or just the military of the sunlight I had seen in Lima the day before I left for the jungle. I don't know. Or it may have been the jungle's impact. The hotel manager tried to explain it.

"The jungle is different for each person. For me it is a monetary, a human, for me it is a sadness."

Now the water in the Andes was different, malar, altogether. Landing in Cusco (near the capital of the Inca Empire) is like touching down in a mythical country. The Inca Empire is reached by a jet from Lima. It is a place of ancient ruins, red mountains, pink, red roofs, and consistently falling hills. The air is clean and thin. Indian women of the Quechua tribe wearing lampshade hats and anywhere from 15 to 30 skirts, wander up and down the narrow streets on ancient mysterious business. The Indian men wear brown wool ponchos and wicker hats even when it is hot. They are short and have an oddly porous look (the

people said we were wearing shoes once high in they found through the street) and many of them carry all their worldly possessions in a sack on their back.

Before we left Cusco, friends warned us that we might be short of health on the road that we might even collapse and need a stretcher. It is 11,300 feet above sea level. But after three hours of a first feeling the first day, we felt fine.

One of the main attractions in Peru is Machu Picchu, the ruins of an Inca city, still perched on a mountain top. Long a city of legend, it was finally discovered by Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale University in 1911. Since 1948 it has been accessible to the ordinary tourist. One just arrives at the city of Cusco, buys a five-dollar train ticket for the next day in Machu Picchu Station. The three-hour train ride winds through the snow-peaked Andes, past the well-forged Urubamba River with its huge bridges and scenic pleasure detour with meat farms, and back to Machu Picchu Station. From Machu Picchu Station small buses swarm up the perpendicular mountain-side, loaded with camera brands and mystics. This death-defying journey is a series of hair-raising drops in a single hour, with 100-foot drops and no guardrails. Drivers depend heavily on the use of the body, bodily squeezing that as ascending but will stop and wait. For them, but we need three hours head on with wicker neck spines between the bumper. So it's either a thrilling ride or a terrifying one, depending on how vibrations you are.

The bus ride costs an additional \$0.50 each for the way, and there is another \$0.50 each at the top before you enter the ruins. If your schedule allows it, arrange to stay overnight at the Tambo Inca which is inside the ruins and has a spectacular view of the mountains. This way you will see the ruins in the evening and in the early morning. The day trip allows only three hours at high noon to lunch and wander over the ruins of terraces and temples. At three o'clock the buses begin chugging down the mountain to catch the return train to Cusco.

Cusco is a city for people who like churches, splendor, streets and art treasures. There is an eight-day food and lodging are reasonably priced. \$100 double in most hotels and you can have a three-course dinner for about four dollars. The Museum of Art, located in a Spanish colonial palace, contains paintings from the Cuzco School of Art which flourished in the 17th century. And only a short drive north of Cusco are the ruins of a huge Inca fortress—Machapichu—reachable by train at a cost of seven dollars.

On Sundays there is place in the market

at Pisco, a small village up in the sierra, where the Inca's driver, from Cusco Indians (who will deliver it to Spanish) but who know little English) sell their silver work and wicker jars, hats and ponchos. Then and with hangings cost about five dollars and the silver brooches range from five to \$12. Old women in hats like kashimbo, openly sell cow-leaves, both wooden bowls on the cloth blossoms. To go to Pisco you have a train for about nine dollars (it will take three hours, at least, to drive and sleep) and the scenery alone is worth every cent.

In Lima, most restaurants and hotel staffs speak a little English. Business you get out into the provinces, it is helpful to know some basic Spanish words. The single thing that helped my trip in Peru, other than foreign travel in the past, was my three months of night-school Spanish. At least I could pronounce street names properly, tell the time to make appointments, and count money. Many Spanish words mean French, so it helps to brush up on even the most rudimentary French you might have. I think the most satisfying dinner Nancy and I had in all of Peru was in the jungle lodge. We shared a table with an elegant French husband and his wife from Miami, and two Spaniards who spoke French and English. With Nancy's limited French and my bit of Spanish, we managed a three-way conversation and everybody seemed delighted. Even the four ladies who stayed right in.

How to go where to stay

Or fly from Lima to Lima, 10 to 30 days, for \$500, and the same course from Vancouver to Lima, a \$100. Or fly also offers a package tour from Toronto to Lima. Santiago, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, at a cost of \$1,000 for 17 days, including air fare, hotel (double), transportation and three airports and some sightseeing.

The best time for Peru is September and October because there will be a mix of rain and sun and a minimum of heat in the three important general areas—Lima, the Andes and the Amazon.

In Lima, the new Lima Sheraton and the Collins are the two largest and most centrally located hotels, about \$125 double. Other hotels include the Hotel about \$22 double. Slightly more modest in price are the Mayu and the Greyhound \$11 double in the older part of the city in Cuzco. The Cuzco Hotel costs \$12 for a double room in Puno on Lake Titicaca, a double of the Puno Tourist Hotel costs \$5. The best hotel is located in the town of Arequipa, the Tourist Hotel where rooms cost \$12 for a double. All hotels called "Tourist" are under the supervision of the government and are a little more expensive. All rates change a 25% tax and a service charge at all.

In 1965, with 17 people to wash for, Mrs. Belec figured she better get a Maytag.

THE BELEC FAMILY, AT TORONTO, CANADA



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She figured right. Through 9 hardworking years, the repairman has been practically a stranger.

"I had eight children of my own plus seven from social welfare," my husband and I made it 17 persons in all," states Mrs. Maria Belec, 60, from Toronto, P.Q.

Mrs. Belec decided it takes a Maytag Washer to stand up to that kind of work load, so she got one. You can imagine the mountains of laundry that machine has washed since 1965.

"At one time I had four babies in diapers and had to do 5 or 10 loads a day," she says. But her Maytag took it all in stride, and it has hardly ever seen the repairman in the nine years she's had it.

Today, only she and her husband are left at home, so life's a lot easier for her aging Maytag. Mrs. Belec says she's glad, because that faithful machine has earned a little leisure.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Belec has enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

REALIZATIONS continued

killed up with Cora Brown kids who had simply ignored the fuss and cheered the stars. The ice melted. Trade's aides suddenly considered a meeting at the next morning (Saturday) to be good public relations. Then the PM appeared among the children now photographed by eager mothers and disappeared.

The next morning at the airport a new man got into the car named Tony. RCMP walked Johnson and Kubice to the airport where they were met by — you guessed it — Tom Goode. It was Harry remembers a moment of mind-blowing shock. They'd gone on a trip through the country, collected press media pictures and had arrived back in the same theatre with the same actors gawping down at them. Nothing different was going to happen. They watched the PM watch the TV and press cameras. "So we asked him 'Harry, we support a number of himself to look into the Sea Island problem. And do you know what he said?' He said 'I will!'"

It was the last Harry and his people heard of the request in a four-day time. That (and time) AMI certain time. The 1973 election had been called, and Tom Goode was in trouble. When a vote by the people is near at hand and someone is in trouble the best service for a minister, known to grip on high profile systems. Memoirs from ministers often become suppositionary evidence designed to measure the flow of charity and decency toward the constituents everywhere. Tom Goode had been a good boy. Suddenly everybody owed him, and he collected. He got a letter from Johnson and had it printed in the *Robertson Review*: "We have decided to take immediate steps to expedite the remaining properties on Sea Island required for airport expansion."

So that was settled: but there quickly another bomb. A letter was sent to all Cora Brown residents offering free appraisals of their homes and property that year. The accompanying document outlined the year-friendly MOT idea. But a careful reading by Johnson showed that taking a recent putting your signature to a contract saying you wanted agreement with a new meeting an agreement present and not under the pressure of the *Expression*. At some redesigning anyway. The tally was now 100 properties down and 53 to go, and the figure remains substantially that today.

November 2, 1973 40 years after the Pakenham settlement, the first legal document from the crown appeared in Cora Brown's mail boxes. It was a Notice of Expropriation signed privately by Minister of Public Works John Lester Dehn. Between the lines, the terms were being made up in Ottawa and just before he was utilized at the

palace. Tom Goode went over the head of Charles Johnson and phoned in many of Johnson's clients as was possible. He told them that the expropriation was in the works, but that if they were to regulate now their cases would be settled quickly and at fair prices. For those who wanted no expropriation there would be no service, no compensation. None of Johnson's clients registered.

A public hearing was demanded by Cora Brown and it was presided over by Judge Wolfe, captain for the Honourable Ron Bedford. "Talk into the microphone," Harry remembers him saying. "I guess it might be 'Gloria,'" Harry spoke. His words didn't go to Ottawa. They dropped instead into limbo. "It was the simplest experience of the whole six years," he says. "The men who could have replied were sitting there right in front of me. But nothing." The media and emotional groups from Vancouver were there too. Transport Minister Marshall refused to let the crown



speak in Ottawa. It was a hearing; he stated where only a crown should be represented — forgotten, perhaps the Pakenham hearing where many interests were represented and the crown attended at length. Johnson asked in person for justification for supporting evidence. The crown refused to give it, as promised by the media: a mission was failed in from Ottawa with no traffic studies that targeted 140 interests with 1000 Cora Brown, and environmental data as well as the expropriation. Johnson knew his end. "So that all you have! After all these years!" He blasted the crown for a very long time. It was bad form for a lawyer, and in the end it only served the media. The MOT outlined arguments and the hearing dragged on. March 2 the legal expropriation day approached. The hearing ended abruptly and Wolfe managed to get his report to the minister in Ottawa 16 hours before the decision on expropriation had to be made. Obviously the parties were already in the mail so that they could be delivered before the deadline. The hearing was covered because

the suit was in fact to be. Turner's and parliament's fine effort in 1970 was already a force by 1973.

And time, three months later, at the last possible legal moment, the crown was making offers to the 50-added "held-out" in Cora Brown. Barbara took the envelope from the postman and opened it. And laughed. For a 13 year old, 2,800-square-foot, four-bedroom house on half an acre of land in the best part of Cora Brown, the crown was offering \$18,500. In 1973, the house alone at \$20 a foot to build would cost \$48,000 to acquire. The half-acre lot would cost anywhere up to \$18,000 more in Richmond, and the improvements to property might run as high as \$7,500 just to do it. In landscaping and patio fences and a garden, for a total of \$75,000. Let's deprecate the house 25% because it's 15 years old. That's \$5,625. It brings the replacement price to \$63,800.

In the next couple of months, the Kobens were half a dozen letters a week. And for them it was "They were incoherent. Harry says now, and besides, who would I send a letter to?" The public thinks I'm greedy, my MP is new and in opposition, the MOT would probably liquidate me if they could and the Private Minister could say "I did it."

It was a long trip for the Kobens from Park to Vancouver, and largely an unnecessary one. Had all 135 residents been given at least an "outing" to \$30,000 apiece for their properties in 1966, at the time of the Pakenham announcement, everyone would have walked away better off. And to receive the high cost of the MOT's buying would be the same spent bringing them all the reports to the crown and the handling of the various and it will have cost us millions and millions more than that if the property had been handled well eight years ago.

It is often necessary that the crown buy private property. What is important is the way it is done. The frankness, the evenhandedness, the honesty of the process. Now under the argument of buying policy, the crown first effectively removes your property from the marketplace by announcing future plans for a new government service. Then your clients are sent in to us by lawyers, which means they can drive to get to the necessary properties without involving the *Expression*. Act.

The pressure and stress faced on the people of Cora Brown has been brutal, and when they are necessary in the way discriminatory power, it often resulted even by effective civil servants and honest elected officials. It's a problem that no one will eliminate for you. Under present legislation you are sending us into the Ministry of Labour. Kubice all over again when (not if) the very happens to you. Good luck. ☐



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CAGNIEN from page 37
depicted the current popularity of jeans in the theatre, in literature and film. For her it is the unfortunate talent of working-class Eastern Montreal and it should not be encouraged or promoted in the popular language of all French Canadians.

A glance at the newspaper in my lap provided her in another direction. An item referred to the acquittal of De Moresville, accused of preferring illegal abortions. When Cagnien was not happy about the decision "I'm against abortion on demand. It's always a tragic experience for the woman. Even abortion is preferable. I also feel that people have to accept the consequences of their actions."

Hard words. But a moment later, as we passed the old grey buildings known as L'Hopital de la Misericorde, she recalled with great compassion, and without any apparent sense of contradiction, the brutal conditions imposed on unwed mothers who benefited from the charity of this hospital in the past. "Those poor young girls. It used to break my heart to see the way they were treated. I was left in the hospital and they had to be paid and so they were made to give birth without any anesthesia. They suffered, they were told, would help them to repeat for these men. For me the past and the present are often two inseparable moments."

Later that morning, in her talk with the students, she continued to compare her struggle against the abuses of the past with what she considers to be the "evils" of the present. Although many students probably disagreed with her views on Quebec (she is a federalist and supported the jailing of the Quebec labor leader Lévesque), Yves Charest and Michel Bégout, by making an argument in 1975 they learned with evident respect and pleasure. She is a gifted storyteller. In her presence the past becomes physically visible.

As she increased the heat in the room in which she came of age, I began to understand the almost insurmountable distance that distinguishes her experience of reformism in the past from the last decade of militancy in Quebec.

This impression was reinforced when we sat again in her home. It is a comfortable, austere place that reflects her fondness for order and simplicity. The honorary plaque medals degree photographs with the famous person's letters, all these are arranged in the most precise areas of the room of the apartment. And I had to look hard to direct the flow of objects and ornaments that she has brought with her from her apolitical past. Her immediate surroundings are almost anonymous. To really understand the movements of one world from the one that formed Thérèse Cagnien, one has to look at her family efforts and

listen as she describes, with some reluctance, the childhood in which she was raised.

She was a distant bright child who adored her powerful father, Sir Rodolphe Forget. While still in his thirties he propelled his book-binding firm to the summit of the Canadian industrial world. He sat in the House of Commons as a Conservative from 1904 to 1917 and in 1912 was knighted. When she was four there was a significant incident. "What a wonderful memory by going from the top of the dumbwaiter onto the head of one of the maids, who didn't put a quick case for the action of a four-year-old and was always finding some way to get me scolded. When Papa learned that evening when I had done he entered the household in the drawing room and there on my knees I had to apologize."

In this way, Mme Cagnien believes, her father taught her respect for the rights of others. She identified with him and not with her mother. "More than anyone else, my father had a dominant influence on my life. He was always on the side of the underdog. He did not restrict his concern just to his servants. He noticed about the working class."

When Mme Cagnien speaks of her father, it is obvious that she feels no difficulty in reconciling her socialist beliefs with her admiration for her father, a highly successful capitalist. She reacts with surprise when the possibility of conflict between these two feelings is suggested to her. It is obvious that the notion of ambivalence is foreign to her. Like many people of her class, she is not an introspective person, nor does she spend much time contemplating shades of meaning in the subtleties of society. For her it is a simpler matter. She loved her father, admired him, and she joined the CCF with the same kind of goals that led her father into politics in a Conservative.

The family estate at St. Jérôme, was one of the exceptions of Quebec. Every one of importance valued their farm in the Quebec forest in Montserrat. In this plot, close to anywhere young Thérèse first became aware of the limitations imposed on women. "I was the only daughter. There were three boys in the house. What was permitted for them was not permitted for me. Always because I was a girl. I was a very good student, but I was not allowed to study beyond a certain level. I remember when I told my father that I wanted to go to university, he laughed at me and said 'Go to the kitchen and see if the cook can teach you something. I found this very amusing.'"

As an adolescent, however, Mme Cagnien was not noticeably rebellious. After her graduation from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, she did the predictable life of a young lady of wealth.

She studied Italian cooking, went to elaborate parties, helped her mother with charitable work.

Her marriage in 1919 to Pierre Cagnien seemed to bring little change to her life. For the first few years she shared her time between her husband, her children, her good works and the usual life expected of the wife of an MP. But social events and new ideas came to her and she was forced to change with them.

When she returned to Montreal after campaigning for her husband's election in 1921, she was approached by a group of women interested in weapons and

force. They were organizing a delegation to Quebec where they intended to present their case to Prime Minister, and they asked Mme Cagnien to accompany them. She recalls "intensely trembling with fear, when the time came for her to speak. Her anxiety did not prevent her, however, from realizing that the Prime Minister had received the group in the Legislative dining room. This seemed to symbolize to me the way our legislation thought of us. I learned to the Prime Minister consulted him on his clothing when we had a suitable place for our

continued on page 14

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singing. After all, it was not on the list.

From that on, her lot was not with the suffrage movement. It proved to be a long and difficult struggle. During the years, the original group began to become the League of Women's Rights, which she decided to head for more than 14 years. She felt she was chosen because it gave the league a measure of respectability and a measure to have in its leadership a woman whose husband was a Liberal MP and later the Speaker of the House of Commons. Also, as the mother of four children, she feels that the invalidated the stereotype view of feminism as a quest for selfishness.

A contest with one type of discrimination inevitably leads to a heightened awareness of other forms of injustice and the league began to direct its activities to a variety of problems. Almost all liberal professions were closed to women until 1923 when women were not allowed to sit in the Senate, women teachers in Quebec received lower wages, the civil service code stipulated that no woman should be paid more than \$3,000 annually, the Civil Code in Quebec defined women as minors under the authority of husbands.

Mrs. Cagman became convinced that discrimination against women had to be fought on legal and political grounds. The Civil Code in particular had to be amended. Pressure by her group resulted in the Doreau Commission, whose principal task was to review the code. Some changes resulted such as the recognition that women had the right to divorce and own property, but the law continued to deny them all legal power. In position as adviser and divorcee serves as a useful indicator of the kind of prejudice against women.

One of the provisions of the code read: Article 177: "...a husband may demand a separation on the ground of his wife's adultery. Article 181: "...a wife may demand the separation on the ground of her husband's adultery if he pleases her conviction in their separation on the ground of his double adultery." The Doreau Commission stated: "The principle, adultery can be as much a word for a woman as for a man but whenever we say adultery we know that we are talking about the wife of a man not generally as a wife as the word to the husband who has been deceived by his wife."

Mrs. Cagman's voice is full of anger as she reads this quote to me. The incident remains clear in her mind and she has not changed a word in an evening's silence.

Confronted with such obstinacy Mrs. Cagman found herself becoming increasingly militant. Her husband's position she resists, was both a blessing and a curse. On the positive side she was able to gain social access to the people

she needed to see for her work. Premier Taschereau, for example, was the grandfather of her fourth child, and also admits that family concerns made it easier for her to reach people at the top. "Let's say I didn't have my knowledge of my friends," Yes, this privileged status made her more vulnerable to attack. She recalls discovering in the pockets of her husband's suit a collection of men looking at her. On it the anonymous reader had written: "That's what you should do to your!" There were other unpleasant incidents, but her husband tried to screen them from her and to encourage her to deal with them on her own.

"Frankly, he was a marvelous husband and father. He was the type of man who did not object to her wife becoming somebody. That was a big man." Twenty-four years after her death, she still finds it difficult to speak of her loss. She considers her marriage a source of strength and inspiration which made her political career possible. As a result of this fantastic acknowledgment, Mrs. Cagman feels it completely fair for the post-mortem provision of feminism. It is her belief that they are misunderstanding their anger when they attack men or the feminist role of common social and political

activists. "We must remember that the vast liberation of women came not without a liberation for men. There's no reason to resent men. There's no reason to resent men as a class. For always had as much cooperation from men as from women."

When it was raining for the NDP in the Senate women did not support them, they argued that they support their own in politics today.

Feminism was a concept for Mrs. Cagman and it was inevitable that she would move from there into the wider and more diversified field of public life. She wishes the transformation to do-

velopments in the Thirties. "It was then that I began to write up. Candidates were so bad that schoolteachers would come and say my bill and bug me to have them on stands for \$13 a month. Children were to work picking strawberries for 25 cents an hour." Applauded by this kind of history, she naturally found herself at odds with the Thatcher government then in power.

By the early Forties, conditions in Mrs. Cagman's life permitted her to move from there into politics. First time her husband was no longer politically active, he had started to become a

judge. Her younger children were almost grown up and she was struggling for women's welfare in Quebec had come to a successful conclusion in 1961. In 1962 she lived her first election as an independent Liberal, in the riding that her father had represented in a Conservative and her husband as a Liberal. She wanted her husband to be a Liberal, the wanted leader and involved voter than any of the other three candidates, and her presence added the other conditions against her, despite their political differences. She came away from the race with second place, and the conviction that there was no room for her ideas in the women in the traditional parties.

For a long time she had found herself torn by an agreement with the social measures advocated by the CCF. She also liked the kind of people the CCF seemed to attract and the notion that among them there seemed to be less hostility to women in politics.

In 1966, she announced her conversion to socialism and officially joined the CCF. The news was received with great appreciation in her own circle. While her activities on behalf of women's welfare had been recognized as feminist by her husband, her new political allegiance to socialism was considered scandalous. Some went so far as to brand her a Communist, the supreme insult of the Forties. Others, including members of her family, refused to see her. "For a long period I was out of things socially. Some of my friends thought that I had gone mad but the money thanks I lost were replaced by other, new friends."

The years that followed were often hard and discouraging. In Quebec the CCF remained a marginal group, with no real expectation of gaining power. With her calm and steady belief, Mrs. Cagman recalled that she knew few people outside Quebec who had joined the CCF in Quebec in 1966, this house came to her mainly because "there was no compromise for the job." She ran unopposedly as a candidate, new friends. "Yet, these years were also a time of growth and satisfaction. She was finally free to do what she wanted and to do what she wanted not to care what others thought of her."

She began to make a name in Canada and there throughout the world, winning several conferences. As a result of these contacts, she became involved with the use of a demonstration and in the early Sixties founded the Quebec Assembly of the Women's Movement on this basis. Again she traveled extensively, met all sorts of extraordinary people such as Indira Gandhi and Golda Meir and shared with them the inspiring experience of participating in a common struggle.

In 1973, in the midst of these activities...

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was, did attract a call from Pierre Trudeau, an old family friend and a former supporter. The Prime Minister was offering her a seat in the Senate. "He said to me, 'Thank it over' but I thought if I take some time but I think I'm going to give some time for advice, so I said, 'Yes, right on.'"

She admits that her acceptance of a seat in the Senate has sometimes been criticized in Quebec and even called a betrayal, but she continues to be reasonably unimpressed with the opinion others hold of her.

The issue of Quebec independence evokes plenty of vehemence. Although she has known and respected many of

the Parti Québécois militants for years, she does not see any opportunity to proclaim that secession is a disaster. She feels that the War Measures Act was perfectly justified and she considers it an acute crisis by "one of the greatest prime ministers we've ever had." Since the NDP did not share her feelings about the 1970 October crisis, she feels herself disappointed with her former party, and frequently at odds with its present policies. Hence, she sat in the Senate, despite personal strength, so as to be independent, until she had to retire on reaching the age limit in 1991.

It is easy to see why people who disagree with her frequently continue to

like her and to turn to her. Her impact on others, as a person, is her greatest asset. Somehow she manages to have the load of personal relations that do not recognize divisions expressed by political and ideological differences.

"Yes, I have a lot to say and people are willing to listen. To those who think I'm an old divorcee woman, I simply say I am, as I was, much ahead of your time."

At age 78, Mrs. Coughlin has earned the right to think of herself as the warden to the young ones, those who feel they have left her far behind as a Quebecer but no longer share her 20-year-old

debt. we all do. □

MONTE ALLISON from page 18

Father's time at Mt. A. A. too, and it does not make me feel any younger to discover it has disappeared without trace. It is this, not the Vietnam crisis he had when with girls of maddening desirability were safe, integrable and except by phone even unapproachable. There was not a male student on the campus who did not believe that, if he were their single upstairs in the UGIR, even fully dressed, the authorities would immediately expel him from Mount Allison. Not merely from his residence. From the university.

If a strike had occurred at Mt. A. in 1968, and if the university had failed to keep the news from reaching the outside world, the strikers might have faced criminal prosecution or compulsory psychiatric examinations. They'd certainly have made their point from coast to coast. And so the strikers of '74 hardly could be the Ancient Bards. Now a dozen miles away and ended the March 18 edition of the students' own newspaper gave striking only to have coverage on the back page.

And it all forces me to ask: Can it really be only 20 years since the unbearable, safe, flattered across their same campus like a diva, short in a bewitching dress, a beautiful, perfectly perfect, actually asking off all her riches to model for the *New Arts students*?

Surely you say there are other ways to measure change on the campus. Surely my obsession with young people who walked for other young people was only saying what she is a discoverer to the more solid achievements of Monte Allison. And yes. I could document the construction of \$25-million worth of new buildings, 1 km 100 centimetres to approve their longer observation of the green and easy path, I remember but okay, they are indispensable to the new Mt. A. And yes, I could try to prove that Mt. A. really has become "the finest, most undergraduate Liberal Arts University in Canada."

But there is scarcely a university in the country that does not brag about grounds and many academic standards. What is this, not the Vietnam crisis he had when with girls of maddening desirability were safe, integrable and except by phone even unapproachable. There was not a male student on the campus who did not believe that, if he were their single upstairs in the UGIR, even fully dressed, the authorities would immediately expel him from Mount Allison. Not merely from his residence. From the university.

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Some of them became politicians others went to jail. Some became top-level bureaucrats and bookends boys, others went on the clearest levels of political life. Some became preachers

some drank and some when they could swing a hammer. Some are prominent deepthroats in the libraries, some are surgeons, some are artists. A great many became schoolteachers, and a couple of us slide into our middle years as baroque parents.

I could return girls in Monte Allison but the confession is hardly unique. There's nothing about a place and the games in their wet eyes quivered with desire all the sunny and shade dappled scenes of that small, lost campus. They close at our "rooms."

Anyway, some of these girls later married men they had never met among us and a few of the marriages finally cracked forever, and a few of the girls about whom I once entertained overt and faintest ambitions are far from near and close. And a few are more beautiful at 30 than they were at 18.

At 18, they lived in a kind of prison. There's a harsh word for the UGIR. But nevertheless, there were delicate prison-like restrictions on their lives. Some of the students could stay out all night and a lot of us used to hushback over to Anishnabek to drink beer in the Canadian Legion, or up to Moncton for weekend house parties with working girls who lived as they pleased. For me, the first day of Monte Allison was that at 18, I had far greater freedom to get myself into horrible trouble than I got ever enjoyed at home. Mt. A. girls, however, were second class citizens and some despised their status.

They had to sign out of the UGIR and sign in. They could not leave overnight without a note from their parents. Girls in their first year could stay out only till night, non-dirty, such birthday night, sophomore, but ten and so on up the scale. The system was careful, complicated, generous. The more "impossible" girls stood under the hard eye of the dean of women at 4000, cops passed. They had the power to get truly girls "in line." This system was a kind of home arrest that permitted the

continued on page 58

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consent to leave the UGR only to attend classes or daytime meetings of such weekly organizations as the Student Christian Movement.

Once I corresponded by mail with a girl here. Her name was 180 yards from mine but neither of us knew atmosphere and she was so tenderly she thought she'd go straight when she got out and could I just try to be true to the dream of that golden day?

The weather was not doing it at the time but it had the makings of musical comedy. On one side of the street you had hundreds of young men at the houses north of their lives and they were all in one building. On the other side you had hundreds of young women and they were all in another building. And after a certain early hour each night more of the men could see any of the women. And during the few incredibly precious hours of the early night in which couples could actually enjoy each other, the odds were that the weather would be horribly cold and the ground snow-dusted or they with icy mud. I regret never having gone to summer school at Mt. A.

At Mt. A is the mid-Fifties "up against the wall" had a sweet meaning that it has today. Every night, in all the corners and niches and alcoves of the outside walls of the UGR, you'd find these desperate, preying feelings, sunning, loquacious, squinting, cowering, yearning, strong and loving young couples and far more often than not the girl's waist would stop just about before a supreme moment. "Oh my God, darling, I've got to go. They'll put me on leave again."

Girls traded information on prime meeting locations. Those were usually on the last side of buildings. More daring couples lay down on the roof and over the roof exposure to the air gallery or drifted off the ramparts to the graveyard beside the United Church or right out of town to the perfumed and lonely marsh country. Or up to the abandoned quarry where the beach struts, broken statues, the deadly lake drifts the mysterious black water, the local legends and the gleaming art of romance.

The weather the terrain and the rules of the UGR meant that all Mount Allestree lovers were star-crossed. A boy and girl had to be fantastically strapped to achieve a mutual line of virginity during a Sackville winter and during the three years I was there I heard of only one case in which an Allestreean fathered an illegitimate child. The girl lived off ramps.

I hope they will understand that I am one old fogey who knows, even though he's talking about when he first knew that by his participation with the trials of his own youth "the lack of today have really

got a soft" both are softer than with (and hormonal) top and at Mount Allestree today there is link to present a boy and girl from climbing over a wire or even today, still together and making love. You do not think that is remarkable? Well try to recall it is less than a dozen years since Peter, Emma opened a national force by announcing in March's magazine that if a teen-aged daughter of his wanted to marry him with a boy, Emma would prefer that they have their intercourse in a bed rather than in the back seat of a car.

Both men's and women's residences took open-door policies at Mt. Allestree, and the residential walls and female students live together all the time. And the day has not fallen. You do not think these developments are remarkable? Well to us, they are more significant than the advent of television or the landing of man on the moon.



The steel on concrete, styled with which the students, like the university's administrative vice-president, regulate the need for the co-ed residence was almost as interesting as the fact itself. In the summer of '72, he told the student paper "we suddenly discovered we had admitted more girls than we had beds for." Solution: 81 the campus beds is a men's residence with women's bachelors.

Not did the students themselves find that the third residence was anything to get overly excited about. "Which you walk and the longer," one said, "and you see five guys watching television and four girls sitting around in their houseboats, and there is four guys playing bridge." Well, you know, you can't feel like you're home. Or maybe, in a place that's even better than home.

Home never had a shadow but has these days down in the basement of what was once a library and is now a patio club student center, down in the exact corner of the building that was once full of dew, books no one ever read down there where a girl and I heard a junior approaching as 30 years ago and best a little reveal through a bright window. Right there, there's a drinking pool, called The Tannamarch. I sit under their winter windows, but March and drink with the summer

student who was managing the place, and remembered how some of us would take our quarts of ale and keep them cold at the same time in the main tanks above the tanks in the men's residence, remembered the secret parties behind down stairs with a kitchen at the door, remembered the beer connoisseurs to the quarry, the striking bottle, less settling in the student dorms. At grass lessons got books with the extremely challenging labels that said the staff taken straight, was bad for those with weak hearts, and the pocket flask in the costume of the priests.

Drinking in 1973's Tannamarch club, was very strange. In my name, we called the drink of men "The One" because his jaw was dramatic and there was I going on 40 and wondering for a second. What if The One comes, what if The One catches me, building on campus again after all these years?

But how about? What I'm doing is legal. A sign in the lobby upstairs openly offers the playful warning, BEWARE THE TONES OF MOUNT ALLESTREE AND AVOID DRINK OR WHEN you pass the five-dollar annual membership fee can walk in here, drink beer and, for 65 cents a shot, down hard liquor with free mix. The manager, the bartender, the guys who clean up the glasses, they're all students, and anyway, The One has not been seen or seen for years.

He's several now and long after my time of worrying about him, he became drunk at dinner affairs. By all accounts he did a damn fine job of it and it pleased me — no I've been and seen him and drink about the last three years and the situation I do not know — a places me to think that The One helped build a place in which students can drink without fear or shame and can make love without shame or discretion.

A bunch of hairy boys and bearded girls with quads and, sometimes, their sex down at a round table, and the afternoon sun slaps down from my loaded windows and lights up their heads. They like one another a lot and they do not get drunk or mixed to get drunk, and I am wrong to call them boys and girls.

They are not female nervous or female. They are happy men and happy women and sure maybe they are not typical students, maybe there are no typical students anywhere, but I wish there were a way to walk over to their table and without appearing like a glibulous old fool just to tell them that, strong them have makes are feel good. Just to tell them that whatever their complaints against the university, and however legitimate their grievances may be, there are ways in which Mount Allestree is a miracle of change. Just to tell them that a time will come when each of them will find it was possible to be here again and as they are now. ☺



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DAN ROSS from page 30
combined output of all the other Cana-
dian fiction writers, dead or alive. It
may already have done so. The books
are there to prove it on every paperback
backrack in North America. Not only
these shall be referred to simply as "Goth-
us" as in "The Gothic that I'm doing
now like a Jack-the-Ripper theme," but
name customers declare war on and
westerns. He's not only Dan Ross and
W. E. D. Ross but Marilyn Ross and
Clara Ross, and in the past he has
been Dan Roberts, Leslie Lewis, Ruth
Dunnet, Alice Randolph, Jane Dunnet,
Ross Dunn, Rene Williams, Jane Bur-
rington, Ten Steele. "My biggest sale for a
single title was two million copies," he
says. "They average 750,000. A sale of
400,000 would be considered low."

I laugh not so much at myself as at
the divine absurdity of life. For I am a
poet and my only 30,000-word novel
(which it took me four years to write)
may if I'm lucky sell 5,000 copies. It's
widely believed that writing mistakes
like Dan Ross disappear into the Alder
Marshes and that poets like Alder Mar-
shes disappear into the writing machines like Dan
Ross. In some cases that may be true.
But I think it more often happens that
they regard each other with a respect
pleasantly spaced with a certain fond
and self-dignifying understanding.

We are talking in the front room of
the Ross house in East Riverside, an
area where the scope tag of Saint John
thrusts to a bare that balconies the rooftop
and the golden-green landscape looks
the way Ireland must have looked 1,000
years ago when its forests still stood.
There are white fences inside the win-
dow and a copy of the New York Times
on the coffee table. It is the kind of room
in which authors greet their guests in
the NBC Movie of the Week. Young
journalists usually describe East River-
side as a suburban Saint John, but no-
body who lives there would describe it
that way. East Riverside is an independ-
ent entity, despite the fact that it is an-
nihilated mostly by the families of busi-
ness and professional men who work in
Saint John. There are many paintings on
the walls of the Ross house, including
portraits of Robert (Dan Ross) and his wife
Marilyn — Marilyn Ross is a real as
well as an imaginary person. "I started
writing out of desperation," Dan Ross
says. "I was a film distribution agency
you see. Keeping 16-mm films to organ-
izations. Well, of course when television
came along it lowered the house on its
side. And I suddenly discovered that in
our society a middle-aged man is unem-
ployable." That was in the 1950s. The
first year he earned \$500. "Then in 1957
I began to be established. I was selling
short stories in the New York Book
News. One thousand-word pieces with
iron endings. I lived doing them. I pre-
fer short pieces to novels. But of course
continued on page 52

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BILLY HARRIS claimed that the Russians would win the series four games to three with one left. Earlier in the summer he'd had an argument with his friend and business partner, Dave Keen.

"Okay," said Keen, irritated, "who the hell did they ever beat?"

"Everybody they ever played," Harris replied.

The only person who ever asked him much about the Russians was Foster Hewitt, who pleaded for help with the pronunciation of their names. This ever with Hewitt asked him who, if anybody, might have a chance of winning for the Russians in the Series. Harris mentioned the tall, deep-shouldered Yakovlev and the young, slick Kharlamov, who would score three goals and add four assists and win a great many Canadian fans with his agile and gutsy.

But when nobody cared about what Billy Harris had to say, nobody figured there was much reason to learn to him. It was understandable, particularly so to Harris and not just because he studied psychology for three years of university (which were, incidentally, spent over his 14-year professional hockey career, he got his BA from the University of Toronto in 1969 at the age of 34). No, there was another factor: in 1966 Harris decided to move from his hockey after an unsatisfactory salary offer of \$12,500 from the Pittsburgh Penguins (he'd made \$27,500 the year before in California) and joined the Canadian National Team for exhibition games in Czechoslovakia and in Vancouver.

"I'd practiced in Winnipeg for about a week, and I was asking from Nick and Ken Dryden if the Canbies had any good players." They told him that he'd discover the Canbies were all pretty good. "I wasn't really going to stand. I expected to pick up the puck for or five times a game, go through the whole team, and score four or five goals a game. After all, I was an NHLer. I think in four games I got maybe four or five shots on goal. I've never been pushed around so much in my life as it was by the Canbies. I think Expo and Frank Mahovlich—all of them—were into the Russian series trying the same way."

Harris' team won't go into this year's series with Bill and Ken Dryden and Duff's one of the positive things he's going for him. The NHL team, he is so, didn't start taking the Russians seriously until five weeks into the war. Bobby Hull, who was undoubtedly left off that team, observed, "If the boys had come to training camp with the thought that they were going to be up against a great hockey club if they had been serious—we well there would have been a contest, but it would have been as close as, if you know what I mean." Resnick advised that after 10 minutes of the first game, he was joking, continued on page 68



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BILLY HARRIS continued

"In the first eight minutes, Team Canada took two of the dirtiest penalties I've ever seen, throwing and under-throwing [by Bill Goldsworthy]. Then the 16,000 fans who were there roared on the Canadian team reversed themselves. They could sense what the Canadians were trying to do. I think, too, that the people of Canada had fallen in love with the Russian team by then, with the Soviet style of hockey. Here I am, it would seem, seen hockey as entertaining to our lives. And in Vancouver they realized the Canadians were out to punish the Russians physically and that it wasn't just about the gold [the Russians had on each Goldsworthy medal]."

Harris recognized the psychological process at work. The Canadian players said they got to Russia, could not even begin to cope with what was happening to them, and started reacting. They were up against a superb skating, passing, thinking and goal-scoring team (shortly, in other words, the overall tendency was to look out blindly. It was frustration, and it was education and it was shame, all of which they hadn't really learned to respect the Russians, so instead they simply came to hate them. They had gone into the series to beat the Russians on the ice and in the alley, to emerge as old-time Seydlitzs. They

had discovered in Montreal — and even in Toronto and Winnipeg, where they'd won and lost — that they couldn't accomplish the faster and by Vancouver there was some question about the former. So they reacted. The best and worst instincts look over depending on the individuals involved. Henderson and Laporte became vicious, and ultimately managed to save the series. But others fell back on the NHL way of doing things: punch, throw stuff, beat and charge and otherwise mangle. After all, we live this spring like a man could so large pain, body and heart in way to a Stanley Cup didn't he?

There has been some talk about the Russians, and about how dirty often played. Bobby Hull has heard it, and here's what he says about it. "I was told by some of the guys on our club [Team Canada] in this and that the Soviets can be something, that they speak and look and spit. Well, I'll have to witness it before I'll believe it. I think they play hockey that they skate and shove the puck. If we're going to beat them, we'll have to outplay and outskate them."

Harris reminds with Hull's observations on Russian "dirtiness." "I can never recall them being the aggressors. They let you establish the pattern of the game and then they respond. They're

talented and disciplined enough to let you pick the moves. Then they'll sit back and play the game you want to play — no matter what it is — which they can do." He talks about what a trait it will be for the European hockey fans to see Hull and Howe in the flesh, these legends about whom he has been besieged by press, players and fan alike during his tenure as coach of Sweden. He talks about their very presence with the kind of enthusiasm most coaches reserve for major victories. Happily, Big Game will prove to us all that those who believe of his are not concerned directly to a victorious Russian victory. Hull is to be probably never get to play, but needs injury and it's pretty unlikely that he'll do anything to sabotage either his own legend at Helsinki or ours.

Harris has four kids, two of whom are twin boys, Bobby and Billy. They're 11, and they play minor hockey in Toronto. Before one game they came to him and said, "Dad, if we ever want to be great players, don't let us see you beat them." He replied, "You don't have to beat them, just do your best. Then you can walk out with pride, knowing that you've given it your best shot."

Winning isn't everything. It isn't even the only thing. ☐

THE BUNCHES from page 11

harness the horses, roll up the wire, and start the horses during the morning we'll join the sheep. Then about eleven we'll stop and make camp while the others caught up."

"We never traveled in the heat of noon. About two or three we'd start again. In the evening we'd make camp and do the chores."

Senen gives the impression of being a large woman, but a closer look shows this to be no illusion. She moves and speaks slowly — almost languidly. Yet there is a purposefulness in everything she does, and all around her is order, and the evidence of accomplishment.

Senen: "We had three hot meals every day — dinner cooked while we traveled. After supper the children would play ball. You'd think they'd understand us. Strangely, whenever we'd stop early and do the washing and sewing and baking."

Victor: "We had family prayer every day. We'd have it in the morning before breakfast and at night when we were in bed. We'd have everybody taking turns. We never traveled on Sunday."

After his marriage, Victor and his family had lived on their farm near Glenora for almost 15 years. I asked him how he came to leave it.

Victor: "First of all, I didn't have enough land. That in 1912 it was only 17. I'd got hay in 1912. I might never have

needed. But my farm was rocky and a lot of side hill. I was out there all night, chopping the trees, trying to change the rough water to make it cover the ground. But it would just wash out. That year I burned my sheep, got 1,800 pounds of wool. I sold a calf for \$28."

"I sold my winter pigs for two dollars apiece."

"Water was about two over \$200. I was afraid I'd lose my farm. French had said I'd visit Cold Lake and what a fine country it was. So we decided to leave where we'd go, everything without our tent. I had a lot of money equipment and I traded that for horses and harness and things to make the trip."

LaVern: "I was the third child, the eldest daughter. I married with LaVern and her husband, they lived in a half-mile from Cherry Grove, a hamlet in the Cold Lake area. Their children are grown and gone, except for the two youngest."

LaVern: "I think about it — take your family and go like that. I wonder and wonder. I guess the first thought it was either that, or — sure, [she laughs]. But to us kids it was just like going to see your grandmother — really exciting. We took everything — our dog, our cat. The dog had pups, the cat had kittens. There was nothing to be lost. We had everything with us. I walked all the steps from there to

Victor: "We stuck to the back roads. There was plenty of grass in the sand at the bottom. The sheep ate their way to Cold Lake."

Dolores is the second child. He is a dull fellow. The niece and nephew remember him fondly and identify him as "that crazy uncle." Now he lives in Cold Lake, BC, in the low and Red.

Dolores: "We were moving slow, about 15 miles a day. The country didn't change much."

He and LaVern are not rich, though in some ways they are closer than their ages would suggest. (Dolores was eight at the time of the trip, LaVern 11.) Today Irene and her husband live on a section of land near Cherry Grove. LaVern lives in Seattle. Irene and LaVern each have four children.

Irene: "I remember a lot about the trip. Sometimes I'd get out of the wagon and out. One or two days I remember picking flowers."

LaVern: "It was a special time to sleep under the wagon with my brothers."

LaVern is the fourth child, the second daughter. She, along with Victor, seems to have a special feeling for the experience of the family, a sense that it is important, and should be remembered. She lives in Cold Lake.

LaVern: "During the winter, some places we had a terrible time keeping warm."

continued on page 72



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THE HAVES contained them between the fences because the sand had drifted over the wires. There'd be just four inches of sand sticking out."

"Visit it at the highest state. It's like on the same hill where the family spent their first winter on the Cold Lake area. He stands in his farmyard where he can look northwest across the wooded hills toward Cold Lake or a couple of miles south to Cherry Grove, and talks with enthusiasm about the trip and about when he returns from the air base."

"Visit! Sleep were quite a novelty. People'd come out from towns in their cars and drive through the head two of their towns."

The Mack family owned a stamp — they look as if they belong to each other but Norman just talked about being the one who's different. Today the lives at Mack Hill about as far apart, but hundreds of feet higher, than Cold Lake. At the time of the trip, she was three years old.

Norman: "I remember one thing — going my dad a bloody nose. I was sweeping a switch at one of the caves but I missed."

Visit! "While we were camped at Dromedary for a few days we had to go through snow to water our stock — right down main street. It was like a powder. Kids wanted to ride our horses and drive the stock. Mum's kids would come with bad broken for milk. I heard our kid say, 'Mum you must be rich!'"

Leaves: "One of the boys wanted to milk — a big boy. He got a stream of milk, purred up, and looked 'I am milk!' and milk!"

Darned! In the fifth child. He lives on a farm near Cherry Grove. In law suits concerned all the slow, deliberate qualities that to a degree overblown the rest of the family. An account he is biology of the Cherry Grove Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, more commonly known as the Mormon Church.

Desert! "The trip was well organized. It was one of the things Dad did that really worked."

Visit! "We were late getting away this one morning. Dad said 'Well you don't boys behind.' It's the only time I ever heard him curse."

Visit! "I worried like it moved ahead of us to keep the sleighs filled up, but it never moved on us."

"When we hit the North Saskatchewan River we thought we were just about home. A frieze showed us to the coming at Devonport. When we got the creek on the bridge they started to rain. The bridge began to bounce. I thought it would jump right off its moorings."

"At St. Paul, when we got there, all the buses drove. People came out in the street to watch us pass — the streets were lined with people."

"We looked up early one morning —

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of Perth taste Dewar's Scotch Whisky

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markets at the 1853 Bazaar's
Show and used a bottle to
entertain (The line continued
not of course)

So Thomas Dewar became
famous for such rare
occasions as, "Do right and
for no one, don't act
and for no one"

All good makes
to remember

Before you
say Scotch,
say Dewar's.

It never varies.

(DISTILLED, BLENDED
AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND)



The facts in this advertisement have been substantiated by the management of
John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

Swedish stalk in the mouth so that
he tongue was almost cut off and,
when a line, left the ice, while during
the state game the Swede was
making an Academy Award performance
tossing the ice to display his
slight bleeding to the crowd?

JOHN HAMILTON, VANCOUVER

Our daily bread

Don Baron (The Farmer's age for an
open market — May) has for some
time been an advocate of the Grain
Exchange, and gives a detailed picture
of the situation.

He didn't mention the recent pill
of all Manitoba farmers where more
than 90% indicated that they want
the Wheat Board and not the Grain
Exchange to handle their grain. Saskatchewan is conducting a similar poll
and you can certainly expect the same
results here.

With rape seed on the open market,
the spread between the growers' price
and the export price at Vancouver or
Shanghai may vary from 40 cents to
\$1.50 per bushel, while the Wheat
Board does the same job with board
grain for 30 cents per bushel plus a
few cents for storage.

To go back to the law of the jungle
marketing of the Grain Exchange
would be a big backward step.

J. R. SYMONS, VANCOUVER, B.C.

The article in your May issue by Don
Baron demands a rebuttal and in so
concise terms. I would point out
that he is speaking for the private
grain trade and the Winnipeg
Commodity Exchange and not for the
farmers, grain producers.

Grain producers of western Canada
and their organizations have fought
for 70 years, first to get and then to
maintain some degree of control over
the marketing of their product, yet
Don Baron and his ilk would destroy
their gains by undermining their confidence
in their own organizations and
the Canadian Wheat Board.

It must be borne in mind that every
present-day grain producer in western
Canada is too young to remember
post-war and pre-Canadian Wheat
Board conditions, and that our schools
ignored that phase of our history.

As well, it should be understood
that the private grain trade and the
Winnipeg Commodity Exchange in
general for one purpose only and that
is to make the maximum profit for
their shareholders by as long a time
as possible. That profit can come only
as a result of lower prices to the pro-
ducer or higher prices for the consum-
er, or both.

E. R. BERRY, OROUO, SASK.

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 Speaker
 2-Way Power Transformer for use with 100V or 120V AC.
 This is your kind of radio. The new Multi-Band, multi-band with features for listening to an adventure in time. Features you'll discover give you a freedom and versatility never before in a radio.

The RF-885C/Tech 880 is one of the new line of Tech Series radios from Panasonic, and does just about everything you'd ever want a radio to do. And then some.

Tech series

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 just slightly ahead of our time.

If it did any more you'd need a license.

Squad to make it to Beaver Crossing that day. We were doing pretty good. The river was ahead of us, the stock following. There about nine or ten—thirty for good luck but no. Those sheep piled up like corned beef.

LaVene: "Send them are about half as big as a black fly. They go for the sheep's heads and ears above. You will. They just lay flat — wouldn't move."

Loke: "The sheep were crazy. They'd run for the trees, and bury their heads under each other. A fellow came along in a little black coupe and tried to get through. The sheep lifted his car, trying to get under it in the shade."

LaVene: "We had handkerchiefs over our faces, with holes cut in them for our eyes. A and B's hair as warm as a mosquito bite. They got in your eyes, got in your eyes."

Wade: "We didn't move all day. But when the sun set, the wind that left and we were ready to go."

Wade: "We drove all night. We hit the Beaver River some time after midnight. The whole valley was covered in a fog blanket. I stood up there on the hill and thought to myself: 'Man, is that ever pretty.' We pulled into my uncle's place near Cold Lake at first light in the morning with the sheep and cattle. It was like reaching the promised land."

Susan: "It hadn't rained a drop all the way, but we got there and in 40 minutes it started to pour. It rained for a week."

Wade: "It took us 30 days country. We left on May 1 and pulled into the Cold Lake area on July 10. And we stopped at my father's place in June for 10 days to show the sheep."

DeRose: "It was kind of awesome — all that heat and rock."

Wade: "Dad and mother each home-stayed a quarter of an acre."

"There was an old log cabin down by the lake, but it was too far from school. We boarded the log and took the cabin apart, and there put it together again on top of the hill. It didn't have a floor and just a pole roof, with the bark on it. It was made. We pulled the roof out alongside it, and 12 of us lived there that winter — my cousin lived with us."

Loke: "I moved bread — 10 loaves of bread six days a week. Dad would butcher a sheep every week, take it to town and trade it for flour, sugar, beans — whatever we needed."

Wade: "That winter all the houses but two died of swamp fever — then someone plugged with worms. They couldn't stand the new feed."

"We moved the cattle down on the river to try to keep them alive. They'd eat the green grass and then all go down to drink and fall in the slough. We lost nearly all of them."

"About March we got a makeshift sawmill ready — powered by an old car engine. That set built a house. We logged out some poplar logs, and sawed enough from five to eight and four by ones to build a house out of squared logs. It was set on rocks and wood blocks. We dismantled the concrete basement. But didn't take much. Used planked boards by hand for the floor. We put on a tarpaper covering. That was luxury."

Susan: "Faith was born on the old house on the fourth of April."

Faith is the sixth child. She and her family live on a farm at Cold Lake, though her husband still commutes to plumbing jobs in Red Deer and Calgary while they got established.

Wade: "They always treated me about being born in the cabin house."

LaVene: "That fall, the men built a school out of the same squared timbers. They had a government print of 1850."

Continued on page 34

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THE BUNCHES continued

the money brought windows, space flooring, shingles, bricks and such."

Wesley: "We cut timber on the flat lumber sold for \$10 a thousand, if you could find a market. But nobody had any money. You needed work for work. You needed something for something."

"We contracted with a man named McNelly to take care of his sheep along with our own. McNelly was to provide the food for winter, but it wasn't adequate. They started to die in the early winter, the old ways that."

Wesley: "I told McNelly we needed some grain. He said, 'I can't. I've spent all kinds of money. They lost their land. And if they die, they die.'"

Wesley: "In April we looked out in the snow. And then in May we got a snowstorm. That night we fed the last of the hay. It snowed for three days."

Wesley: "We had lost most of the tops of the sheep. We cut jack pine for them to eat. But most of the sheep died."

Wesley: "We had to give the man back 400 ewes for the ones we lost. It wiped out our herd. We started from scratch."

Wesley: "Two or three days after the storm, the sun shone and the birds were here, but it was too late for the lambs. A hundred bushels of oats would have saved everything."

"But we never did talk of going back."

Wesley: "We never were happy, and we always had a place to sleep. And we always had clean clothes. You'd wash your clothes on Friday afternoon for the dance that night."

LaVene: "Nobody thought about when to wear to a dance or party — you wore what you had."

Wesley: "We had lots of parties, and everybody went to the dance. We'd put the kids to sleep under the benches. There'd be sandwiches and cake in the middle. They made coffee in a boiler. The electricity played a real delight — otherwise you couldn't see to go home. There we'd put the kids to sleep in the bunkhouse."

LaVene: "We had a baby at the time of the strike. His mamma was all of Cold Lake, he needed most clearly the cold winters and the good times in summer. Now he lives in Chalkville."

Wesley: "My dad was a blacksmith — a real craftsman."

DeWitt: "Dad couldn't even stand up to pray in church without somebody carrying to him."

Wesley: "I think this was what I liked best — the good life. But when we'd get home from the store at daylight, there was no sleeping in. Dad said to say 'You're not in my bed, the boys!'"

DeWitt: "In the church, Dad was born in Cold Lake. She talks as though she wouldn't mind being a pioneer again, but she's a city girl now. She lives in Calgary with her husband and nine children."

Opal: "Every night we had to use

wood by hand for the following day.

The greatest night I ever saw was coming home from school one evening and someone was there with a lantern to carry up all the wood."

DeWitt: "I tell my kids I don't feel a bit sorry for you. I hope you have to work as hard to find a job as I did."

Wesley: "Dad said, 'Look and listen, you'll have kind of left the country down.'"

Wesley: "In this country, it's either snow flat, or sand flat."

LaVene: "Relief came in the Thorns. The relief shingles were five dollars or seven dollars a month, and a clothing allowance twice a year. When the air boat came in that made a difference. So many cars worked them to keep their farms going."

Wesley: "I never had any door to go to the city. Edmonton was only 200 miles away, but I never saw it all I was sick."

Opal: "When I was a little girl, Dad was the bishop. Everybody came to our house to get married. This one time a girl came — I had known her all my life, which was about five years. Everybody kept saying, 'Daddy's going to marry her.' I had on the much better. I didn't want my dad to marry anyone else."

LaVene: "The bush is kind of sorry, especially after dark. At night, it always used to walk. If I ran, I could hear something behind me. But I got over being scared of the dark — I had to."

Opal: "Every time anybody was sick, or died, or had a baby, they called my mother."

LaVene: "We'd stand around the bedrooms when a couple came to be taken care of. I said, 'Dad, I'd never sleep in a house with a dead man.'"

DeWitt: "Dad told me 'The devil ones can't hurt you. It's the love ones you have to look out for.'"

I asked the Bunches if they thought that long journey to Cold Lake had been worth while. If they were starting over, would they do it again?

DeWitt: "I believe the trip accomplished a great deal. Dad used to say 'I don't know.' But after the war he came back. Well, I believe we came to this country to organize the church for the farm. There've been a lot of farmers recruited, a lot of converted, and many saved from protest because there was a church to come to."

Wesley: "Yes, I'd do it again tomorrow. That's a wonderful country. My husband and I would still be in Cold Lake, if it's not for the church. We moved back down to Chalkville in 1966 so we could work in the temple."

The temple is not a chapel, in fact, it is closed on Sunday. But the rest of the week it is a centre of activity where the Mormon people work and perform in.

Opal: "Every night we had to use

wood by hand for the following day. The greatest night I ever saw was coming home from school one evening and someone was there with a lantern to carry up all the wood."

DeWitt: "I tell my kids I don't feel a bit sorry for you. I hope you have to work as hard to find a job as I did."

Wesley: "Dad said, 'Look and listen, you'll have kind of left the country down.'"

Wesley: "In this country, it's either snow flat, or sand flat."

"I had cancer. Today I feel great."

—Doug Brown, Hamilton Ontario



Doug Brown could be your next door neighbor. He has an easy smile, a gentle manner. At 48, he was told he had cancer.

Here in his own words, is his story.

Primarily, I suppose, I can be deeply grateful to a young intern at the McMaster Family Clinic in Hamilton who had been examining me for an unrelated problem, but took the time to do some additional probing and discovered a growth in my lower bowel. Further investigation and biopsies showed the tumor to be malignant: I had cancer.

Needless to say, I was shocked. But strangely enough, I was not afraid. My surgeon informed me that there was an excellent hope of a clean removal of the tumor. But, in order to do so, a portion of the lower bowel would also have to be

removed and I would subsequently inherit a colostomy. (The creation by surgery of a new opening of the colon on the surface of the body—Ed. note.)

Strangely, out of this seeming chaos comes a sense of tranquility. Suddenly one is face to face with reality. One's values quickly change and the smallest thing which we normally take for granted are now enjoyed in a deeper dimension. It is a joy to rise each day and appreciate just feeling well. There was a time when we believed cancer to be the enemy but I now believe that the real enemy is fear. There has been a stigma accompanying the word cancer for too long and to many it is interpreted to mean "Death". Much of the fear can be eliminated, as I have tried to indicate in this story.

I have not been handicapped in any way and as I near retirement I am probably more active in many more functions than time permitted before. I can think of no better testimony than myself at this time to prove that "CANCER CAN BE BEATEN".

CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY



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—Gladys Adler/Todd, Toronto Observer

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THE HATCHER—Hatchers go on adventures they feel to be necessary for the salvation of their ancestors. Soleson is the youngest child. He was about 13 when his parents moved back to Cardston, so he has lived almost half his life away from Cold Lake. He is the only one of his family who went to university. Now he teaches school in Cardston, where he lives with his wife and four children.

Nelson: "My elder brothers and sisters had all married and moved away before I was born. They never knew like my sons and sister."

Sonnes: "A couple of years ago we had our 15th wedding anniversary. Our 12 children left their families and came home for it. We all slept here in this house. The girls made a bed on the floor in the living room. Daniel slept in the kitchen. Ben and Nelson were the youngest boys so they slept on the floor in Mom's and Dad's room. Yvonne and Delores slept in the other bed."

My: "We had a time."

Opie: "We put a sign on our station wagon — ANY WARRIOR TO YEMER. There all 14 of us got in and drove to Glenwood. Dad had never taken us to a cult so we made him take us to Van Dux's and buy something for everybody."

Nancy: "When we got back we had housewreck cars. We broke windows from the roof so there it was."

Opie: "That Sunday night we had a special Family Home Evening. Those hours around like 10 minutes."

Kidie: "They were talking about going to church the next day, and I said something about did we have to go to church. Dad said 'You don't have to go to church. We'll stay here if you want. But how many people could be married 55 years and have 12 kids and have van all home together, and not show 'em off? I don't believe my dad was ever prouder than when he stood up and mentioned his 12 kids in Sunday School."

It's great: "It is to come from a family that size."

In July, 1913, the community of Cherry Grove celebrated "48 Years in the Wilderness," and people returned from all over the west to the place they'd called home, however briefly.

We remember the Hatchers had about 100 on hand — children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren. They share a common heritage. But looked in the core of that line Cold Lake generations are so inseparable to share fully above all the quiet insurance each soul must gain for himself that when he has reached the limit of his endurance he can still keep going.

Troubled as we may be by the profusion of mankind on one way, places it does not seem alienating this today. Victor and Susan Hatch have 145 direct descendants. We need their kind of people.



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The Fasteners, the CBC radio network, Sunday, 1 p.m.

Listen for A new version of The Country in The Morning, only with a new girlfriend, Ann Gibson, and a new host, Michael Earle.

SPORTS / JOHN ROBERTSON

Hockey: a game they should put on ice

What's the good word for National Hockey League football this winter? Easy — *horrific*.

Bad enough the NHL has expanded for the fourth time in nine years, tripling in size from six to 24 teams in the process. Bad enough that of the approximately 360 players entering NHL uniforms last fall, some 240 of them — at two out of every three — would have been career fugitives by the post-expansion standards of less than a decade ago. Bad enough that the upstart World Hockey Association has further drastically diluted the product by luring away 100 more NHLers of dubious lineage to form 14 more so-called "major-league" teams of their own. And bad enough the three best junior prospects in the country — Dennis Seabrook of Regina Pats, Jacques Lemaire of Quebec Remparts and Pat Price of the Sudbury Wolves — all signed the over-generous NHL and signed for huge sums of money with the WHA for \$750-\$15.

But when you see what's waiting just around the corner, even last winter will seem like the good old days. And the only reason for NHL fans would seem to be some form of lunaticism, which would obliterate this astonishing blight on their minds. Is it really worth staying awake all winter to watch 18 NHL teams spend six months huffing and puffing through a 720-game schedule so that 12 of them can advance to the play-offs? I mean, does anyone really care which one doesn't?

Of course not. And just in case you're a light sleeper, the NHL now dreams have concocted a wretched ac-

tive guaranteed to keep you from falling over who's going to finish first or last in each division. They've scrapped the old two-division setup, and conveniently abused our time-rehabilitating age-of-sons for first place between Montreal and Boston in the East division and Philadelphia and Chicago in the West. The NHL, thinking again to be way go through all that agony and suspense of generating traditional emotions when you can give each of these four strong clubs a dream of their very own, is wa-

it their leisure?

A sportsman could look at the new alignments and at one moment tell you what's gone to finish first and last in each division this coming year. A look at the new divisions based on last year's point totals (in brackets) makes it obvious.

Division B: Philadelphia Flyers (112), Boston Bruins (94), Atlanta Flames (74), New York Islanders (56). The Flyers, reigning Stanley Cup champions, were last season 18 points better than New York Rangers, and using the change are obviously intact while the Rangers will be acquiring the sponsor of retooling. Philly could easily become a 30-point advantage in their division. An even sadder thing will be the Islanders' ability to finish last, thereby guaranteeing the other three teams play off spots even before the actual season gets under way.

Division 2: Montreal Canadiens (99 points), Los Angeles Kings (78), Detroit Red Wings (68), Pittsburgh Penguins (67), Washington Capitals (new this year, no points available). If the Canadiens can finish 21 points ahead of Los Angeles without Ken Dryden, they'll probably be upword of 35 points ahead with Dryden. Seriously, nobody is even going to come close to challenging Washington for the Calder. And if you happen to be a Montreal Forum season ticket holder, can you expect to get excited over such an "traditional" rivalry as the Kings, Penguins, Red Wings and Capitals? Horrific.

Division 3: Chicago Black Hawks (103 points), St. Louis Blues (64), Minnesota North Stars (63), Vancouver Canucks (59), Kansas City Scouts (new, no points available). Last year, Chicago finished 41 points ahead of St. Louis, so Black Hawks fans are going to have to get used to yawning this year. Since new entry Kansas City has a lock on last place, what else could there possibly be left to interest us?

Division 4: Boston Bruins (113 points), Toronto Maple Leafs (85), Buffalo Sabres (76), California



John Robertson is the difference that isn't needed.

Golden Seals (56). In this division, even King Von Wright could go back to bed safe in the knowledge that if the Bruins finished 27 points ahead of Toronto last season, this time around they'll do it in waltz tempo. But who cares? Buffalo and Toronto are guaranteed play-off spots anyway. All they have to do is finish ahead of the California team that was 40 points below Buffalo and 50 points below Toronto in 1975-76.

Tell me — does liberalism sound so far-fetched now? You already know who is going to finish on top of each division. You know that only one team not going to miss the play-offs and that four of them are Washington, Kansas City, the Islanders and the Seals. This means that the only element of uncertainty in that dreary six-month 720-game schedule will be determining who the fifth and sixth worst clubs in the league are.

Washington and Kansas City are so bad that it might be a good idea to spare their players humiliation in the forthcoming season by allowing them to wear unbranded jerseys. The 48 players in the two clubs drafted — at \$250,000 per player — aren't even marginally recognizable in their uniforms. The idea was to stock the new teams with existing NHLers drafted from other clubs, but 22 of the 46 players (four of the 45 were goaltenders) drafted failed to score one point in the NHL last season. Next year, several hit the post!

Washington's "high scorer" is the draft was Denis Dabrowski, who had only eight goals with Toronto last season. When Gordie Howe broke into the NHL as a free 18-year-old, back in 1946, his forte was a run along to shoot with either hand. Nowadays, an-

John Robertson is a sports columnist with the Montreal Star.



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NHL prospect is considered a sure thing if he can share with other foot.

The NHL will come to life in April as it always does, as Stanley Cup play-off fever abounds. But from October to March, better known, as you'll find up like on the day I walked up to the parking lot already not near Maple Leaf Gardens and not. "How do you get away with charging \$2.50 just to park for a hockey game?"

The attendant looked me squarely in the eye and answered, "Because most like you pay it."

MUSIC / GRANT GRAY

For Charlebois, Quebec is not enough

A few years ago when people tried to describe Robert Charlebois — ardent separatist, rock-music idol, angry young man — he was dubbed "the Bob Dylan of Quebec." But now, sitting in a CBC recording studio in Toronto, where he is trying to lose weight (he called *Discotheque* with Robert Charlebois, watching himself on a monitor for the album), or with the strength of his new English song, *Penetration*, the only thing Dylan-like about him is a taste of melancholy.

"You're tired of yourself and all of your creations," Bob Dylan said in *Queen Jane*. Apparently, that's how Charlebois feels and the "wings up" (as he calls himself) a night now in the throes of a mid-life crisis.

The show looks great. A blue neon light sculpture, designed by artists Val Stamenov and Cork Marhefko, dominates the stage. While director David Aspinall (known for his television specials with Anne Murray) and crew run the sound (long ill despite trachea, a visually unimpaired producer is televisual media Charlebois looks and watches the monitors, only occasionally tapping his foot).

"It's the best recording of my songs that's ever been made. It's the best television show I've ever done, the lighting, camera work, editing, you'd never see anything like good in Quebec. But most of these songs are old songs, and I can't sing them like I used to." To become disillusioned, you has to have had dreams, Charlebois did — they were part of the all-boys' band in the Sixties —

and now he suffers from an eight-year-old kind of desperation.

Conquering Quebec was easy. A sales pattern developed quickly with the release of his albums: about 50,000 would sell dependably in France, which is "incredibly poor," another 50,000 in Quebec, which is "better off," and about a dozen copies in English Canada, which is "rich." His net income runs over \$100,000 a year. By his own standards, he should be happy. But with such new albums on contract but, and every concert a sell-out, and every review a rave, success has turned to satiation. Something has become unworkable.

It's not his love life, apparently. He's lived for 12 years with his girl friend, Monique (that's all, just Monique), and now that conversation has been satiation. He's been so tired of carrying her (secretly in a few days, when he reaches the dreaded age, in his, of 30) and having the two of them go their separate ways for a delightful honeymoon.

In 1988, he shared in the formation of a new political party, the *Rassemblement*, and ran on a platform promise "to absolutely nothing if I'm elected" — just like the other parties. He got 27 votes. "The people weren't ready for honesty," but even his taste for such critical praise has become dulled. "I wouldn't do that now," he says. "Things are getting too intense in Quebec to joke about."

Like most actors and entertainers he has moments of awe when politics are concerned. As an avowed separatist, he was set in an open air park on a sunny afternoon drinking draft beer. He makes a point of turning all the corners over on the table so the face of the Queen never shows he enjoys having a big splash in a small pool. But



Charlebois looking for a big splash with separatism

if the situation of his French-speaking fans were sufficient, he would not now be preparing a CBC English network one-hour television special (to be aired September 20) or planning, in a follow-up, to revive his first album of English songs in 1975. Almost from the day he first stepped on stage, singing soft, smooth, after-you-love-his-gone songs in French (with whisky flares and ticking piano music just accompanying), Robert Charlebois has been hailed as destined for international success. That was 12 years ago. Before the rise of rock music in a major cultural force. Before the victorious decade in American politics spanning the assassination of John F. Kennedy to Watergate, which unleashed so much personal and civilian throughout the western world. Before *Five in the Guilt* (Mr.) As a singer he had good looks and an engaging personality; as a song writer he had the knack of creating under-the-skin melodies and song lyrics, which might well have made him a hit throughout North America and Europe. But that kind of success never happened.

The years passed. Old, but never over and over. And his all pop songs of the period who were their youth on their sleeve, Charlebois went through many changes.

He ditched his clean-cut, go-whisker image, from the days in which he wore a turtleneck sweater and a plain white shirt, narrow tie and his short, curly hair carefully cut and groomed. His clothes became grungier, more outrageous. His hair grew long and wild into a tower of hair.

He moved into dark, rock, and rock, political protest rock, and his songs *Landings*, *Quebec Love*, *Chansons*, *La Mue*, *Chansons* among many others, became hits in Quebec. What Woodcock was to others, Charlebois was to him. A rallying cry. When many *Rassemblement* and American performers used sex to sell their music, he used politics to express and explain a different kind of frustration among the young in Quebec. Where his American counterparts dressed in leather, suede and glitter and danced into tight gold-lane jumpsuits tailored to create a gapeposterior gorilla he bulge, Charlebois kept it simple, wearing denim and sweats, loose and casual.

Charlebois didn't have to be first-rate to be popular in Quebec, he just had to be clearly relevant. With such lines as "I don't need to sell my love, they've got me under the skin" or "I don't need to sell my love and land to Greater Waterworld / Hope it gets the hell..."

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Proseless is hardly the product of a mind at the peak of its creative powers. Seeing his television program, as most people will, race from beginning to end, the show is likely to seem a fast-paced, visually striking, entertaining hour. But because I switched it piece by piece, over and over, as it was being put together, I detected a methodical aspect in Charlton's performance. He is clearly in mind of new challenges and audiences to awaken him if he is ever to regain the drive and excitement of his early, innovative days. Otherwise he'd be saying of him: Robert Charlebois had a rendezvous with destiny — but destiny failed to show up.

MOVIES / JOHN HUGHES

Happiness for Clint Eastwood is a warm gun

Someone once suggested that Clint Eastwood learned his craft at the Meen farmhouse school of acting. Given his series of indelibly tear-jerking performances as the "man with no name" in the spaghetti-westerns he did for Italian director Sergio Leone — *A Fistful Of Dollars*, *For A Few Dollars More*, *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* — it's no wonder he refers to happily active and violent to get him through a scene. What other choice does he have?

Eastwood is a star, and stars don't have to be seen. They have *hipness* and unique personal qualities which no one else can imitate. What Eastwood has no one has figured out. Even he doesn't know. But it has tremendous stability. The best other grasses of his film — *Where Eagles Dare*, *Dirty Harry*, *High Plains Drifter*, *Magnum Force*, among others — climb steadily. He has consistently received a million-dollar salary (plus percentages) for a role, and such is his business acumen he has rarely chosen big material. *Magnum Force*, for example, is expected to gross \$40 million worldwide, with well over two million dollars of that sum coming from its earnings in Canada.

(Eastwood's appeal isn't just appeal despite his fifty good looks and — at 46 — his lean six-foot-five physique (periodically reinforced by eating health foods, jogging, swimming and drinking plenty of beer). What Eastwood has, at bottom — the opposite,

namely, of screen "presence".

His characters, as his most famous popular films, correspond to those of Nietzsche's notorious "blond beards": he projects a lone-wolf individualism, a sense of "do or die" individualism, a supreme fearlessness because he is emotionless, dedicated to a simple set of principles (one of which seems to be, "Use the gun if it will hold my respect"). He needs no one and has no limitations.

Unlike Sean Connery, who believed that the public loved him and would follow him anywhere outside the role of James Bond (easily to find they preferred the one-dimensional, cartoon character played by anybody to something new and different), Eastwood has been careful not to wander far from a tried and tested formula. He learned that in making *The Englishman* — a Gothic love story set in the deep south — that the public wouldn't buy a film in which he didn't come out on top. They like him best as a despondent hero-for his own, one who sticks it to others but doesn't get shafted himself.

Promising his latest *Thunderbolt And Lightfoot* at the boxes in New Orleans, it's clear that Eastwood has caused another crowd pleaser. The audience roared their approval late after late, some after some, even though the picture is not unlike *Eastwood* (it costars young Jeff Bridges, as a screaming, wildcat doing a *Dennis Hopper* *Midnight Cowboy* number). The audience gasped (in disgust) when the film opened with Eastwood depicted as a prospector delivering a message — but that didn't last long; they booed and stomped their feet (in joy) during the film's first love scene in which he has experienced as a coach while his former partner works on him headily. Finally, he reveals something profound like "peace" and his

board face reads, "Glad she's over."

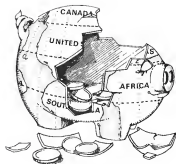
The plot of *Thunderbolt And Lightfoot* is too rambling to relate, it doesn't matter anyway. It has strong and pleasurable performances by Jeff Bridges and George Kennedy — as two members of a gang that Eastwood leads, sniping a \$500,000 bond — and it's interesting to see how the two actors have to work to keep up with Eastwood who holds the center of attention simply because of his naturally breezy persona.

The film is funny, usually and violent — "A good mix," Eastwood told me later, when we met at the Commodore's Palace restaurant, in the Garden District of New Orleans. It only took a few minutes for me to realize that Eastwood's screen image is symmetrically opposed to his everyday self. He's been (officially) married for 30 years and lives far from Hollywood's gladdening crowd, with his two children, in Cornell-by-the-sea. He loves gun control, supported George McGovern in the 1972 election and "hates to kill any living thing." He never smokes, the block chronicler he perfumed convincingly in the *Doctor* movies, made him *assessable*. The *Insolence* over *Duty Harry* as a fascist fantasy strikes him as nonsense. "People shouldn't take movies too seriously, he sneezes. "I never do." His voice is as soft as a ripe avocado. Eastwood sounds remarkably like a professional florist who's been keeping people all his life.

His next project *The Eiger Sanction* based on Trevanian's bestselling novel, is a story about a hired assassin who bases his prey to the Swiss Alps. As Jonathan Henslow, art collector, coldly efficient loner and deadly killer, Eastwood has found neither winner. "You write me for the role," he told me, signing later that a *suave* ambassador. He wears a shy smile and shuffles in his sandals.



Eastwood's head in hell just who the rest like to Clint Eastwood at the Magnum 34



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Thunderbolt And Lightning isn't an innocent piece of escapist entertainment. Like most of Blaisie's films, it is more important than that: it is made with an uneasy look for knowing what many casual filmgoers subconsciously want to see. What these dark dreams of violence and psychopathic cool reveal is the true extent of alienation in modern societies. I can't help wondering, as we close the lids and part, what it means that there should be a widespread human need for the slow-eyed, cheerfully amoral sight of death.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

Thriller Entertainment. There are (at least) 124 good reasons for seeing *Thriller Entertainment* and every one is a star. Fred Astaire, Elva Novelli, Buster Keaton, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Jane Harker, Jane Powell, Esther Williams, the Henrymancs, Jane Alfred, Douglas Fairbanks and even Kansas. The rest list goes on and on in this two-hour anthology of movie highlights and scattered memories from the golden movies of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The movie is a search hit in its Canadian eagerness to, in better go early or expect to stand in line.

BOOKS / GEORGE WOODLOCK

Clark Blaise's genius goes beyond themes

There are several ways of reading the map of North America, and few of them make for a simple vision of what we are or how we came to be. History is a complicated factor in Canadian writing, and it is the reason why any thematic criticism that simplifies is so tempting to Canadians. It helps us form an image of ourselves that for a change isn't like a fuzzy, unfocused snapshot. We are uncertain of a paradigm, we are the survivors, we are the isolated. By covering such terms we think we have solved the problem of who we are.

Lately, though, I have found each Canadian book I pick up fitting so awkwardly into such simplified ideas of what Canadian writing is that I have come to distrust thematic criticism. It is time we saw books again, not in terms of simplified thematic definitions, and not merely in Canadian books, but in symbols of the artist's own personal vision.

Only from such a point of view, I believe, can one appreciate the fragility of Clark Blaise's *Tribe Amice* (Doubleday, \$8.95), his second collection of stories, which is my new place to turn with Morris Gollant and Alice Munro as one of our best writers of short fiction.

Tribe Amice contains 12 stories, all but one of which are told in the first person by a narrator who experiences as well as observes. They are not a series, since Clark Blaise speaks through a different person in each tale — a small boy keeps his family alive with fish in the Florida marshes while his father is away at the war, or an academic trying to create a weekend writer on a northern lake and being driven away by the weather.

Yet the narrator is in a subtle way related to mood and outlook, so if they were members of the same interprivileged family at various stages of the climb out of poverty. And there is a geographical unity about the book which shows a different view of the North American map from that usually drawn by critics who seek to explain Canadian writing merely in terms of Canadian themes. Blaise's map runs north to south, and mostly east of the Appalachians. Some stories are set in Quebec, some in the parts of Florida unknown to tourists, and some in New England.

The best of the stories, considered purely as self-contained pieces of creative writing, are the half-dozen Florida tales scattered through the first part of the book. This is perfect territory for any writer to attempt after Faulkner, Caldwell and Capote. But though Blaise does present us with constants of Southern fate as poor whites living among the slithering and mad old women in luxurious dressing rooms, he writes with such wit and visual luminosity that the tales stand out as sharply cut gems of resolution as well as curious fragments of America's social history.

A striking feature of *Tribe Amice* is the high proportion of the stories in which the leading figures are French by descent and by such culture is still closer to them. This is most strongly exemplified by the longest and most brilliant story in the book, *The Monk*. The hero is a Canadian who came to live in New England in childhood and is now studying at Harvard where he is called Pierre, although he is known in Harvard to his relatives still living in Quebec City. The distance between the American Pierre and the Canadian Hector accomplishes a true drama within the man, but it is a drama within a larger unity. At one



Clark Blaise: a writer with money claims.

point Hector says to an Innu girl, Kiki, "All America is melted like Swiss cheese, with pockets of French. The snow melts, refusing to die." His father could hitchhike through this phantom nation from Quebec City to Guadalajara needing to speak no language but French. Worlds, once national, Blaise suggests, are what our experience makes them, and Pierre-Hector's experience recognizes no 49th parallel. When he has to make a choice between the socially romantic Quebecer separations of the early 1960s and the deeper and sadder issues of the civil rights movement at the same period, he makes the decision in personal terms, dropping Kiki who draws him to Quebec and reaffirming his love for Linda, the Jewish American girl who has been torn from her Southern roots. The great issue, Clark Blaise suggests, transcended frontiers, but the great experiences that find literature are personal. Which is not to say that the personal need exclude the political. I found *The Monk* a moving study of political issues in play manifested themselves in school lives.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

Vendanges (Anansi, paper \$3.25, cloth \$6.50) is unfortunately the last novel of Harold Sneyd LaSalle who died last year in Trinidad; it is a splendid tragedy-comedy of Trinidad Indians, who hope to read their own misadventures in Canada. Roch Carrier's most recent novel, *They From Desmond McAl* (Anansi, \$3.25 paper, cloth \$6.50) is a look through the shroud-mist of Cantin's dead love, but is still a fine satire on the desecration of urban sprawl. *The Four Horses* (Oxford's worst press), edited by Doug Fellingham (Plimpton, \$4.95), is the best of late chimes, for countenance of good bad writing.



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